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THE ROYAL REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT.



THE PRINCE OF WALES SALUTING THE QUEEN AFTER LEADING HIS REGIMENT PAST.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

And so we are to have a new Imperial coinage. The Jubilee year of her Majesty's happy, splendid, and beneficent reign is to be marked, it would seem, by the execution of a fresh presentment of the Queen's profile for the embellishment, withal, of the current coin of the realm. So Mr. E. J. Boehm, R.A., has, the newspapers tell us, been commissioned to prepare a medallion-portrait of our revered Sovereign for the future guidance of the engravers of the Royal Mint; and her Majesty gave the distinguished sculptor a first sitting, at Frogmore, on Saturday, June 3.

There may be a vast number of people who think that it is high time for a new Imperial coinage to be issued, seeing that the Queen's head, as impressed on coins current in 1886, is that of a comely young damsel who was born in the year 1819, and who ascended the throne in 1837. On the other hand, there may be a considerable number of people—principally belonging to the "fogey" class—who prefer to see the head of a young girl rather than that of a venerable matron on the few sovereigns or shillings which they may possess. I belong to that class myself. As will be seen lower down, a Wise Man at Odessa, on the Black Sea, has found out that I am a Garrulous Old Fool. I will have it out with the Wise Man at Odessa presently. Meanwhile, I am tolerably certain of one thing—that I am an old fogey; and I like to see on my money and on my postage stamps the same Queen's head that I used to see when I was a little boy. Why should the effigy be changed? There are the interests of historic truth to be considered, I suppose. Bother historic truth! This world would come to a standstill without the infusion, now and again, of a little sentiment into its weary, dreary, hard-and-fast, cut-and-dried, humdrum procedure; and to wish for the continuance of the original profile of Victoria, Empress and Queen, is to the fogeys a matter of pure sentiment. "Our Young Queen, and our Old Institutions!" is a party cry imagined in "Coningsby"; and a very good cry, too. Hester Thrale was always young and pretty to Dr. Johnson. So is the Queen—to the fogeys.

"E. G." who writes from the Clifton Down Hotel, Bristol, with the arrogant intent of correcting me with regard to a remark concerning the Unfortunate Miss Bailey and a heartless Lieutenant of Marines, resembles, in one respect, the traditional tinker—he mends one hole in the kettle badly, and makes another. "The Captain Bold of Halifax, who lived in Country Quarters," and who behaved so badly to Miss Bailey as to cause that unhappy young person to commit suicide, was in the Marines before he exchanged into the Line. I have this on the highest authority.

Again, "E. G." quotes, quite erroneously—

A Captain bold of Halifax,
Who lived in country quarters.

This should only make one line, not two. Byron read the ditty thus when he compared its metre with that of a well-known couplet from an old Romaic poet:—

Θελεις χαριν και τιμιθην και ζησαιν και πλευτησαιν.
Και των εχθρων σαν στον λαιμον θελεις κατοπατησαιν.

Finally, this Daniel come to judgment—I beg pardon, this "E. G."—has the temerity to say that young women do not wear "suspenders." Geewillikins! Don't they? Is the *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion* kindly sent me every month for nothing? Do I take in for naught *Myra, Sylvia, La Saison, La Gazette de la Mode, Le Follet, Madame Schild*, and *The Young Ladies' Journal*? Elastic suspenders in lieu of—well, let us say, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, are almost now universally worn by ladies and children. To anyone who studies the pictorial advertisements, the fact which I have noted should be as plain as the pretty vignette of Clifton Suspension Bridge (it is old Hungerford Bridge transported to the West) which adorns the left hand top corner of "E. G.'s" egregious epistle.

Mem: Should any lingering doubt exist in the mind of my correspondent as to "The Captain Bold of Halifax" having previously served in the Marines, let him consult the *Army List* of 1784.

Re Jenny Geddes.—In the most apocryphal statement there is always a grain, and sometimes there are very many grains, of truth. "E. T. S." kindly draws my attention to a highly interesting book, entitled "The Trial and Triumph of Faith," by Samuel Rutherford, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews. It consists of twenty-seven sermons, and was originally published in the year 1645. My correspondent's edition is dated Edinburgh, 1854. In the twentieth sermon occurs the following passage:—

God's beginning of great works is small. What could be said of a poor woman's throwing of a stool at the man who did first read the new Service Book in Edinburgh? It was not looked at as any eminent passage of Divine providence; yet it grew till it came up to arums of men, the shaking of three kingdoms, the sound of the trumpet, the voice of the alarm, the lifting up of the Lord's standards, destruction upon destruction, garments rolled in blood.

Dr. Rutherford, it would have been seen, does not mention the name of the minister who read the new service book, nor the name of the lady who flung the stool at the reverend gentleman's "pow"; still, he mentions the fact as a known one.

That couplet from the Romaic bard, cited above, reminds me of the great archaeological *polemos* which has recently taken place between Dr. Schliemann and the Anglo-Hellenists. I have nothing to do with the controversy as to whether certain crumbling old walls lately excavated in Greece formed part of the Palace of Ulysses, the boudoir of Penelope, the consulting-room of *Æsculapius*, or the coal-cellars of King Priam; or whether the walls themselves were built by the Titans, the Thirty Tyrants, the Goths, the Vandals, or the Venetians. But I have a great liking for Dr. Schliemann, because, like Professor Blackie, he has never ceased to inculcate the utility of teaching modern Greek to young people before they begin to wrestle with that superb and infinitely difficult language, or rather family of languages, ancient Greek.

Of those tongues—Classical, Byzantine, and Vulgar—I have been a sedulous student these many years past. In how many thousands of miles, journeying by sea and land, at the other end of the world, did I not find solace by conjugating Greek verbs, and trying to translate the gossip of Australian "society" papers into Romaic? I have a professor of Modern Greek now who comes twice a week, and I fag by the hour together with a slate and pencil, transcribing conversations in that cursive Romaic character in which Mr. Gladstone begged M. Negroponte not to write to him. But my present object is to implore the fair sex to give up to the study of Modern Greek a portion of the time which they at present devote to that demoniacal instrument of torture—that heartless, soulless, brilliant, facile, confounded "arrangement" in wire, wash-leather, ivory, ebony, and fretwork with bishop-like legs—the pianoforte. I hate it. And yet I have heard Thalberg, Liszt, Madame Pleyel. Give me the notes of a fiddle. It was on the fiddle that Apollo played: witness Rafaelle Sanzio in the *stanze* of the Vatican. It was by scraping the bowels of the cat with the hair of the horse that Orpheus won Eurydice back from "Pluto's gloomy reign" and Proserpine's garden, "where all things baleful grew."

Modern Greek, ladies, is at least twice easier to learn than Italian, and is nearly as pretty as the *Lingua Toscana* to speak or to sing. To acquire fluent conversational familiarity with Romaic, you must have, of course, a teacher; to learn the structure of the language and the rules of its syntax, which are comparatively simple, you must have a grammar. Until recently all the Romaic grammars which I studied were edited by French or Italian scholars; but I can now confidently recommend an excellent English Handbook of Modern Greek, by Edgar Vincent, of the Coldstream Guards, and T. G. Dickson, of Athens, published by Macmillan. It is a very comprehensive grammar, and comprises, moreover, an ample vocabulary, a series of dialogues which are not, for a wonder, either tame or idiotic; some excellent examples of that written character which puzzled Mr. Gladstone so mightily, and a scholarly comparison between ancient and modern Greek.

I rarely see the *World*; but, glancing lately at that vivacious periodical, I was puzzled at meeting, in three consecutive paragraphs of "What the World Says," with the adjective "smart." I read that at the French Embassy "a very smart dinner" was given to Prince and Princess Christian; that the Prince of Wales stayed some time at "a very smart ball" given by Sir Albert Sassoon, and that on Saturday, June 26, there was "a whirl of small dances" of which the "smartest" were those given by Mrs. Thingumbob and Madame Chose. On the same page I read that, at a concert in Upper Grosvenor-street Albani and De Soria sang charmingly to the "smartest" of audiences.

The dictionaries define the adjective "smart" as something keen, pricking, pungent, severe, brisk, acute, pertinent, showy, spruce, quick, terse, and of questionable honesty. Are "smart" diners-out all or any of these things? I do not go into society, and do not know. More eagerly do I long to be told what a dinner party is like that is not "smart." Are tripe and cowheel, toad-in-a-hole, and bubble-and-squeak in the *menu*? Do the gentlemen come in muddy boots and the ladies in mob-caps; and is it etiquette to steal the spoons or to throw cold potatoes at the head of the hostess?

In the self-same entertaining journal, à propos of the grand entertainment given at the Mansion House to the representatives of our Colonial and Indian Empire, I read:—

The arrangement of the tables was perfect; but a pardonable and amusing confusion arose between Mr. H. Nathan, of British Columbia (pure Hebrew), and Mr. Rāmānāthān, of Ceylon (pure Sanskrit), which ended in the latter (wearing a majestic magenta turban, and the great gold collar presented to him by the Tamil of Ceylon) being led to a place of honour next to Sir Peter Lumsden.

I have the honour to know Mr. I. P. Rama Nathan, of Colombo, Ceylon, and Mrs. Rama Nathan, and Miss Rama Nathan. The first-named is a distinguished advocate, and member of the Legislative Council of Ceylon. When I was there, last February, I was most hospitably entertained by the Hon. Mr. Rama Nathan at his beautiful mansion, enbosomed in a grove of cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, bananas, and mango. Mr. Rama Nathan is a Tamil (i.e., of Hindoo descent); but I question whether he understands six words of Sanskrit. As to his wearing "a majestic magenta turban," and other Oriental appurtenances, all I can say is that, when I had the pleasure of meeting him at Colombo, he was accustomed to don a stove-pipe hat, a Newmarket cut-away coat, and European continuations. I may add that he speaks English much better than I do, and that he plays lawn-tennis admirably. Why do the eminent Asiatics who visit this country so often elect to go about in masquerade? Do they think it adds to their *prestige*?

And now for the Wise Man at Odessa, on the Black Sea. This sage sends me a post-card, under date of 15/27 June, as follows:—

Sir,—The absurd piece of sensationalism, respecting a Russian convict-ship, appearing under your name in the *Illustrated London News* of the 19th June instant, is not only grotesque, but contains the extraordinary mistake of making Vladivostok to appear as if in Siberia. You also give the astounding piece of information that the officers of the ship had big gold epaulettes on their shoulders. Where should they have had them, you gallorous old fool? Did it ever strike you that your initials form the word "Gas"? A strange coincidence, considering that all the stuff you write is so vapoury.

IVAN KNOCKIMOFF.

I propose to have this impudent Muscovite in a pie. Stay; I will chop him up small and put him between two pieces of bread and butter and make a sandwich of him and eat him, however nastily he may taste. In the first place, Vladivostok is in the government of Eastern Siberia, and is so coloured in Stanford's "London Atlas of Universal Geography," quarto edition, 1882. In the next place, had I said that Vladivostok was in Crim Tartary, or in the Hindoo Koosh, it would not

have been an "extraordinary" mistake, seeing that, prior to the year 1860, the civilised world had never heard of Vladivostok as a convict settlement or otherwise. Its very name is absent from a "Universal Gazetteer" for 1863 which I bought lately at a bookstall, and which appears to have strayed from the office of the *Times*, since it bears the title of that famous journal impressed on its covers.

In the next place, epaulettes can be worn on other places beside the shoulders. Black King Jocko, of Old Quashiboo, habitually wears three epaulettes, the gifts of Commanders of the Royal Navy whose ships have touched at Quashiboo. King Jocko wears an epaulette on each shoulder, and a third bunch of bullion at the small of his back, just where the lumbar should be succeeded by the caudal vertebrae.

Again, in hundreds of cases, I have remarked that Russian officers, when wearing their grey overcoats (and they used to wear them, with the sleeves hanging loose, summer and winter), were apt to display the insignia of their rank by dragging their shoulder-straps down and spreading the strands of bullion attached thereto over their breasts.

Finally, there is one circumstance connected with the communication of this abusive knave at Odessa ("Ivan Knockimoff" is a *nom de guerre*, the fellow's real name is Mr. Anonymous Letter-Writer) which fills me with a quiet joy. Liberty of the press has evidently made some progress in Holy Russia. Thirty years ago "Ivan Knockimoff" would not have been able to read that which I said concerning the Russian convict-ship in the Black Sea. The Censor of the Press would have obliterated the obnoxious paragraphs before the paper was delivered to the subscribers. When I first went to Russia, in 1857, I stayed, in the first instance, at the Hotel Heyde, in the Kadetten-Linie, Vassili Ostrov, St. Petersburg; and the Censor of the Petersburg Press used to dine daily at the table-d'hôte. We used to "chaff" him mercilessly about his expurgations of the text of foreign journals. The erasures, when the paper was stout, were made by means of a dog's tooth and a little cold water. When the paper was thin, the passage considered by the Censor to be unfit for Russian reading was blocked out with a leathern ball, charged with printing-ink. Thus, in the middle of an interesting article you found yourself suddenly confronted either by a great white gap or by a huge sable "splodge."

I am asked to find a few lines of space to plead on behalf of the "fellow parishioners of the *Illustrated London News*"—namely, the poor children of Clare-market, and to state that the Reverend R. Thomas appeals for assistance to enable him to send the children of the district into the country for a few days. The reverend gentleman would also be grateful for gifts of clothes and body linen, as the wardrobe of many of these poor little town sparrows leaves much to be desired. All contributions in money or kind should be forwarded to the "Reverend R. Thomas, Clare-market Mission, Strand, W.C." just outside Clement's Inn. Please not to send me anything, either to the office of this Journal or to my house. I have neither time nor health just now to attend to other people's business.

Mr. Thomas is so sanguine as to think that the lawyers will help him, because the Clare-market children live, or rather vegetate, in the shadow of the Royal Courts of Justice. Single and simple minded Sir! you don't know how desperately poverty-stricken the gentlemen of the legal profession have been of late years. I know attorneys and solicitors of the highest standing who have not devoured a widow or an orphan more than once a fortnight during the last five years, and barristers of immense forensic learning who have not tasted "refreshers" for many terms. And then, somehow or another, lawyers do not like "parting." It is not a sweet sorrow with them; it goes against the grain. To be sure, most of us have heard of the lawyer who, playing with his children one morning, accidentally swallowed a sovereign, as the late Mr. Brunel did a half one. The machine invented by the illustrious engineer for his own use when he was in the embarrassing predicament of having a golden coin sticking in his throat was reproduced for the benefit of the suffering lawyer. They stood him on his head; they racked him up and down and to and fro, as though he had been a sherry-cask, and at last they got some money out of him; but not the entire pound. That stanch legal organisation was true to its instincts; and the lawyer's larynx only disgorged thirteen and fourpence.

In the meantime, I hope the poor little ragged urchins of Clare-market, many of whom have never seen so much as a green field or a haystack, will have money and clothes sent for their use, so that they may enjoy a thorough country outing. Many years ago I used to live at Putney, on the Terrace, close to the Eight Bells; and during the "van season" it was delightful to watch the vehicles crowded with small Putney brats, headed by one or more clergymen, bound on an excursion into the rural districts; and at eventide the huge shandry-dans would come pounding homeward, the children very dusty, and I should say very tired, but all evidently very happy, and making shrill melody with songs which were generally in praise of the parson and his wife, or his wife's sister, who had been instrumental in procuring the treat for them. Imagine something like the following:—

Oh, Mr. Gollop he is so kind!
Oh, Mr. Gollop he is so kind!
The Reverend Mr. Gollop, and his lady and family, they are so very kind!
And we won't go home till morning!

I do not often read romances, not being of a romantic disposition, but the attractive title of a shilling novelette, called "The River of Life" (Fun Office, E.C.), by J. Latey, jun., induced me to make a plunge into the Pierian spring of modern romance of the "Called Back" order. I am thinking of giving up the study of philology, osteology, cookery, counterpoint, and the art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, and devoting myself entirely to novel-reading. Will they let me read novels, I wonder, when, in consequence of my addictiveness to the perusal of modern romances, I am reduced to pauperism, and become an inmate of the workhouse? Seriously, Mr. J. Latey, jun.'s "River of Life" is a rapidly running stream on which you may float, or sail, or steam in a launch, or enact Patience in a punt, or paddle your own canoe, with the highest degree of comfort and pleasure. The story is full of interesting scenes, admirably told.

G. A. S.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

"Jess." Mr. Haggard's serial contribution to the *Cornhill*, is a very good tale of the romantic order, passionate and imaginative, with plenty of South African local colouring, and with no material drawback but an occasional tendency to fine writing. English local colouring is the predominating merit of "How I Rose from Crow-Boy" a matter-of-fact but far from uninteresting sketch of rural life in England, evidently from the pen of someone who knows it well. "In Good Faith" is a slight but amusing story. "Work for Idle Hands" is a highly interesting account of Mrs. Ernest Hart's endeavours to find employment for the poor laceworkers of Donegal, a philanthropic undertaking which fortunately does not involve the investment of capital in the country.

Macmillan is strong this month. Professor Goldwin Smith, describing a recent visit to Washington, agreeably blends his recent experiences with recollections of a former visit when the civil war was raging, and Washington, now a splendid capital, was still "the city of magnificent distances." Mr. Saintsbury criticises Christopher North with genial acuteness; Mr. Hardy continues to paint the peasantry of the West in a style very suggestive of the brush; and "A Layman" writes sensibly on diet. "My Friend the Professor" is an amusing tale of thought-reading; but the most remarkable article in the number is an account of General Barrios, the Cromwell of Guatemala, who perished as he seemed on the point of uniting all the central American Republics into a single State.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is altogether too thin. Mr. Michell's paper on Falconry, however, is beautifully illustrated; and "Charles Kingsley and Eversley" will interest a numerous public.

Blackwood, too, is less interesting than usual, although there is much merit in the pretty tale of "Don Angelo's Stray Sheep," and in the continuation of "Sarracinesca," where Cardinal Antonelli is introduced. Mr. Oliphant's recollections of Circassia in the Crimean War are interesting and valuable; but the most remarkable of the miscellaneous papers is "The Meditations of a Parish Priest," a notice of the thoughts of the Abbé Joseph Roux, until the other day an unknown Curé, but now to all appearance securely enrolled in the brilliant list of aphoristic writers fostered by the terse language of France. The Abbé is a deep as well as a clear thinker, a sympathetic writer as well as an epigrammatic one.

The leading attraction of *Longman's Magazine* continues to be "The Children of Gibeon," which is as good as ever. "A Mock Idyl" is pretty and humorous; but the "True Lover's" letters to his mistress entirely fail to catch the tone of the seventeenth century, and it is not a little marvellous how they should be written in 1646, seeing that the writer speaks of venging the death of Charles I., which occurred in 1649.

The tardy summer has brought with it the inevitable harvest of holiday numbers. The holiday number of the *Art Journal* opens with a pleasant subject—the Norfolk Broads; and as we look at the illustrations, with their cool stretches of water and shady trees, we long to exchange the hot and dusty streets of London for such spots as Thorpe Gardens, Norwich, or the Yare at Bramerton. "A Trip up the Hudson River" forms the subject of another agreeable paper; but Mr. Harry Fenn's illustrations have suffered somewhat in the process of reproduction. This is followed by "Down the Wye," an equally attractive theme for the art tourist, with well-chosen illustrations, which, however, are weak in treatment. Mr. Hatton gives an interesting account of a holiday in Holland and Belgium with Mr. Henry Irving; which, with an illustrated article on "British Yachting," and an account of the quaintly picturesque little watering-place of Berck-sur-Mer on the north coast of France, make up a most agreeable holiday number, with an etched frontispiece by Paul Rajon. The July number of the *Magazine of Art* is, as usual, full of excellent matter, both literary and artistic. We marvel how the publishers can give so much for a shilling, looking at the quality as well as the quantity. We have not space to enumerate half the good things contained in the number, but we commend to the cultivated student the frontispiece, after Rossetti's "Ecce Ancilla Domini."

The *Fortnightly Review* is mainly devoted to politics, and only two of the articles possess any special interest. Mr. Robert Staples explains very clearly the conditions under which an extended system of local government might possibly work well in Ireland; and an anonymous Irishman throws some light upon the relations between the party of violence and the Irish Parliamentary leaders. The most attractive of the non-political papers are the first instalment of Messrs. Burnand and A'Beckett's history of *Punch*, embodying many particulars well worthy of preservation; and Mr. G. M. Crawford's graphic sketch of M. Pasteur's personality, and his method of dealing with his patients. If, as Mr. Crawford seems to consider, hydrophobia in the human subject is a nervous affection, M. Pasteur's treatment can only be efficacious on the time-honoured principle, "Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure."

In the *Contemporary Review* the Marquis of Lorne points out the differences between Canadian Home Rule and that proposed for Ireland; and Lord Hampden advocates the latter, on a ground likely to commend itself to nobody but a Speaker or ex-Speaker—the refractoriness of the Irish members. Burke is criticised with ability, if without much originality, by Mr. Augustine Birrell; Dr. Martineau pleads for wider comprehensiveness in the Church of England; Mr. Freeman Wills describes his efforts to cheapen butcher's meat at the East-End; and Mr. Samuel Smith's second paper on his recent visit to India is as candid and full of wise suggestiveness as its predecessor.

Mr. Dicey's stirring appeal to the two sections of Unionists, and Mr. Frank Hill's friendly advice to Mr. Gladstone, both in the *Nineteenth Century*, are excellent campaign documents, but will vanish with the elections. The rest of the contents are not very attractive. "Modern China," "The Animals of New Guinea," "The Revision of the Bible," "What the Working Classes Read," are all ably-written articles by good authorities on the respective subjects, but contain little that was not already well known. Mr. Kinloch Cooke's "France and the New Hebrides," however, is a valuable repertory of information on a question which may become one of considerable importance.

Two ladies, Lady John Manners and Miss A. N. F. Robinson, come to the rescue of the *National Review* with bright, lively papers on German life and Neapolitan novelists. The review is thus relieved of something of its load of party politics, which is fortunate, for Mr. Mallock's novel, with its dramatic personae of books in breeches and pamphlets in petticoats, is heavy enough for any two serials.

Temple Bar has abundance of readable fiction, a sound criticism upon Wordsworth, and a spirited protest against hybrid adaptations of French plays, neither one thing nor the other. The most agreeable contribution, however, is a pleasant sketch of the late Vicar of Gumfreston, near Tenby, representative of a fine type of old-fashioned clergyman, now nearly extinct.

The writer of "A Hazardous Experiment" in the *Gentleman's Magazine* has tried the hazard of imitating

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with but indifferent success. The law of novelists and the snakes of poets afford matter for two very entertaining papers; and there is instruction as well as entertainment in Miss E. M. Clerke's account of the fanatical saints of the Mussulman church militant—"A House of Splendid Horrors," in *Time*, is a striking fancy; and "Three Questions about Ireland" are very home questions.—*Belgravia*, and *London Society*, with its holiday number, are very readable, but have no special features.

The *Century* has an article on an American writer of genius whose works have hitherto been better known than his personality. Frank R. Stockton will for the future be a more distinct figure in the minds of his readers. A fine portrait and a sympathetic personal sketch will improve the American public's acquaintance with William Morris; while, by accident or design, the unsoundness of Mr. Morris's economic views is exposed in the following papers, by Mr. E. L. Day and Mr. T. L. De Vinne. The war narratives chiefly relate to the occupation of New Orleans.—*Harper* has an interesting account of the New York Produce Exchange, with portraits of its leading characters; and an amusing and prettily illustrated description of the nocturnal gambols of a tame kinkajou. Mr. Blackmore's "Springhaven" is continued, and so is Mr. Dudley Warner's "Their Pilgrimage," which is very like an Americanised version of Mr. Black.—"In the Clouds" and "The Princess Casamassima" continue the leading features of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which also has an excellent critique on Ouida by Miss H. W. Preston, and the first of what promises to be a valuable series of papers on the contrasts of England and France, by Mr. Hamerton.

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has too many short articles, and too few specifically Australian. The most interesting is a sketch of the Victorian Premier, Mr. Gillies, who began colonial life as a digger.

The *Asiatic Quarterly* presents an attractive bill of fare, including companion articles by Sir Lepel Griffin and Sir L. S. Jackson on English influence in Central India and Bengal; Captain Conder's proofs of the continual subjection of Palestine to Aryan influences—Greek, Persian, or modern European; and Sir R. Playfair's authentic history of the occupation of Perim. The most interesting article, however, is the contemporary correspondence of the agents of the East India Company during the Afghan conquest of Persia, between 1720 and 1730, giving a most lively picture of the perilous position of English merchants in an Oriental country in time of anarchy and revolution.

We have also received *The Theatre* (containing portraits of Miss Cissy Grahame and Mr. Yorke Stephens), *Kennel Review*, *Le Follet*, *Rosebud*, *The Season*, *Forrester's Sporting Notes*, *Ladies' Treasury*, *Loose Rein*, *Argosy*, *Illustrations*, *Dublin University Review*, *Cassell's Family Magazine* (with an excellent Summer Number), *Good Words*, *The Quiver*, *Indian Magazine*, *Red Dragon*, *Picturesque Europe*, *United Service Magazine*, *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *Eastward-Ho*, and others.

Lady Burdett Coutts presented the prizes at the twentieth annual flower show of the St. Margaret and St. John's Window Gardening Society, held in Dean's-yard, on Tuesday.

Captain Sir Robert Molyneux, K.C.B., has taken over the duties of Superintendent of the Dockyard and Naval Establishments at Sheerness, in succession to Rear-Admiral Henry Nicholson, C.B., who vacates the appointment on promotion.

A congress of delegates representing the Chambers of Commerce in every part of the British Empire was opened on Tuesday morning in the Conference-room of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. In the evening the London Chamber of Commerce entertained the representatives at a dinner in St. James's Hall.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the duration of Parliament, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex have had the burden of two general elections, the other Sheriffs in England and Wales having been changed in March last. In addition to the City of London election, they have had personally to conduct fourteen other elections.

A special service at the Ramsgate Synagogue, founded by the late Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, in the year 1833, took place on Sunday last, when it was taken over by the authorities of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Congregation of London, in accordance with the provisions of Sir Moses's will. The ceremony was similar to that in use at the dedication of a synagogue; and a translation of the National Anthem in Hebrew, sung by some young choristers, followed the prayer for the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. and Mrs. Sebag Montefiore entertained the wardens and elders of the synagogue and a large number of personal friends at a *déjeuner* at East Cliff. The grounds of this enjoyable residence have been much improved and beautifully laid out by the present owner. A special train of the South-Eastern Railway conveyed the party to and from Ramsgate.

At a meeting of the National Life-Boat Institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, on the 1st inst., a grant of £75 was made in aid of a local fund for the relief of the families of three poor Irishmen who put off through a heavy sea in a curragh, and perished in a gallant attempt to succour the crew of another small boat which had been overtaken by a sudden squall in Galway Bay on April 8. Rewards were also granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Since Jan. 1st the institution had been instrumental in saving 267 lives, besides assisting to rescue twelve vessels from destruction. Payments amounting to £3865 were ordered to be made on the 292 life-boat establishments of the institution. The committee expressed great regret at the death of Sir Edward Perrott, one of the vice-presidents, who had been connected with the society for thirty-six years. New life-boats have been sent to Southsea and Ilfracombe, and a new life-boat station at Dornoch, Sutherlandshire, is to be formed.

The Board of Trade have received from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries for Canada a binocular glass, which has been awarded by the Canadian Government to Captain H. Hellmers, master of the steam-ship Eider, of Bremen, and a silver watch to Mr. F. Mirow, the third officer, and pecuniary rewards to certain members of the crew of that vessel who manned the rescuing boat, for their services to the shipwrecked crew of the barque *Abbie B.*, of Windsor, N.S., on July 29, 1885.—The Board have also received from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries for Canada a binocular glass, which has been awarded by the Canadian Government to Captain A. Fischer, master of the German steamer *Ehrenfels*; a silver watch to the first officer, Mr. G. Hansen; and a silver watch to the boatswain, Mr. F. Awanden; and also pecuniary rewards to the seamen who manned the rescuing boat, in acknowledgment of their services to the shipwrecked crew of the brigantine *Maggie*, of Lunenburg, N.S., on Nov. 3, 1885.—The Board have awarded their medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to John Fleming, coastguard boatman, in recognition of his services at the wreck of the schooner *Mary Ann*, of Dublin, on Greystones Beach, on May 12 last.

THE ROYAL REVIEW AT ALDERSHOTT.

On Friday (yesterday) week her Majesty the Queen held at Aldershot a review of troops numbering altogether 14,478 men and officers, with 2376 horses, and fifty-six guns, who performed the manoeuvres of a mimic battle. The troops assembled were made up as follows—there were four batteries of Royal Horse Artillery (twenty guns), under Colonel A. H. Williams, who commanded also the six field batteries (thirty-six guns) posted on the left of the infantry. The Cavalry Brigade comprised the 1st Life Guards, 5th Lancers, 1st Royal Dragoons, Scots Greys, and 10th Hussars. It was under the command of Major-General Drury-Lowe, K.C.B. There were four brigades of infantry, the first (Major-General Gipps, C.B.) comprising the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, a battalion of Royal Marine Artillery, and one of Royal Marine Light Infantry. In the second brigade were (Major-General Cooper) the 1st Battalion Royal Lancashire, 2nd Battalion Inniskilling Fusiliers, 2nd Battalion Irish Fusiliers, and the 3rd (Militia) Battalion Middlesex Regiment. Major-General Dunne, who commanded the third brigade, had under him the 1st Battalion Leicester Regiment, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, 1st Battalion Royal Sussex, and 3rd (Militia) Battalion East Surrey. In the fourth brigade (Major-General the Hon. W. Feilding) were 2nd Battalion West Riding, 1st Battalion Middlesex, 2nd King's Own Borderers, 7th (Militia) Battalion King's Royal Rifles, and 4th (Militia) Battalion Oxfordshire.

The Queen, arriving by railway, was received at Aldershot by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief being attended by the headquarters staff, including Lord Wolseley, Sir Arthur Herbert, Sir John Stokes, Major-General Hay, with Colonel Pemberton as first aide-de-camp. Other members of the Royal family joined her Majesty, and a procession was formed to the review-ground, headed by an escort of Hussars, and comprising four Royal carriages, each drawn by four horses. The guns fired a Royal salute. The troops were drawn up in the Long Valley, and all simultaneously presented arms, while one massed band played the National Anthem. The Queen and the Royal party drove slowly along the whole line from right to left; the bands of each brigade playing as her Majesty went past. She then halted at the saluting-point, where the Royal standard was hoisted, and the troops marched past. Among the cavalry were the 10th Hussars, who, headed by the Prince of Wales, their honorary Colonel, marched to the martial air of "The Men of Harlech," supplemented, in compliment to his Royal Highness, by a few bars of "God Bless the Prince of Wales." His Royal Highness was warmly applauded as he went along the line up to the saluting-point, where, lowering his sword with practised grace to his Royal mother, he turned off and took post by her side for the rest of the defile. The spectators noted Prince Albert Victor on the left of the line of officers leading the first squadron.

As soon as the infantry had passed, they went on to occupy the high ground of Hungry and Beacon Hills to the south, to represent the defenders, while the rest faced about and went north towards the canal to play the rôle of an attacking force. It was supposed that this force, consisting of the Brigade of Guards and the 1st and 2nd Infantry Brigades, hearing of the approach of an enemy from Winchester by Alton and Farnham, on its way to Guildford, had moved from Bagshot by Farnborough, and secured the line of the Basingstoke Canal from Claycart Flash to Pondtail Bridge. It had crossed the canal and occupied the low hills in front known as Norris Hill, Miles Hill, and Ravine Hill. The hostile force, consisting of one Infantry Brigade only, with cavalry and artillery, had been thrown out by the main body advancing from Guildford to cross its left flank. Its intention was to seize the bridge across the canal, but hearing, as it descends from Bricksbury Hill, that it had been forestalled, its commanding officer took up a defensive position on Eelmore Hill South, Burns Hill, and Firs Hill, three low hills extending from the foot of Caesar's Camp, and there awaited the attack. The primary object of the manoeuvres was not to exercise the troops in arms, or to give the officers an opportunity of acquiring the art of handling men or practising tactics, but to afford a military spectacle for our Colonial and Indian visitors, and for this all that was necessary was that the troops should move straight across the valley in front of Long Hill, which served as a grand stand, and that the positions held by the defenders should also be in full view. These conditions were excellently carried into effect by the plan of action laid down; the attacking force was commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison, and the defending force by Major-General the Hon. W. Feilding. Two of the most striking incidents of the sham fight were those represented in our Illustrations; the cavalry charge of the Scots Greys and 5th Lancers on the rallying squares of the Guards; and the opening fire with a Nordenfeldt gun to check the advance of the 10th Hussars. If the conflict had been performed under the eyes of umpires, the decision would probably have been that the battle was a drawn one, for the superior artillery strength of the defenders balanced their weakness in infantry. The roar and rattle of guns and musketry continued until the bugles sounded "Cease fire," at ten minutes past eight. Altogether the review was, as a spectacle, one of the most brilliant that has ever been fought out at Aldershot; though, from a military point of view, it would scarcely be of much importance.

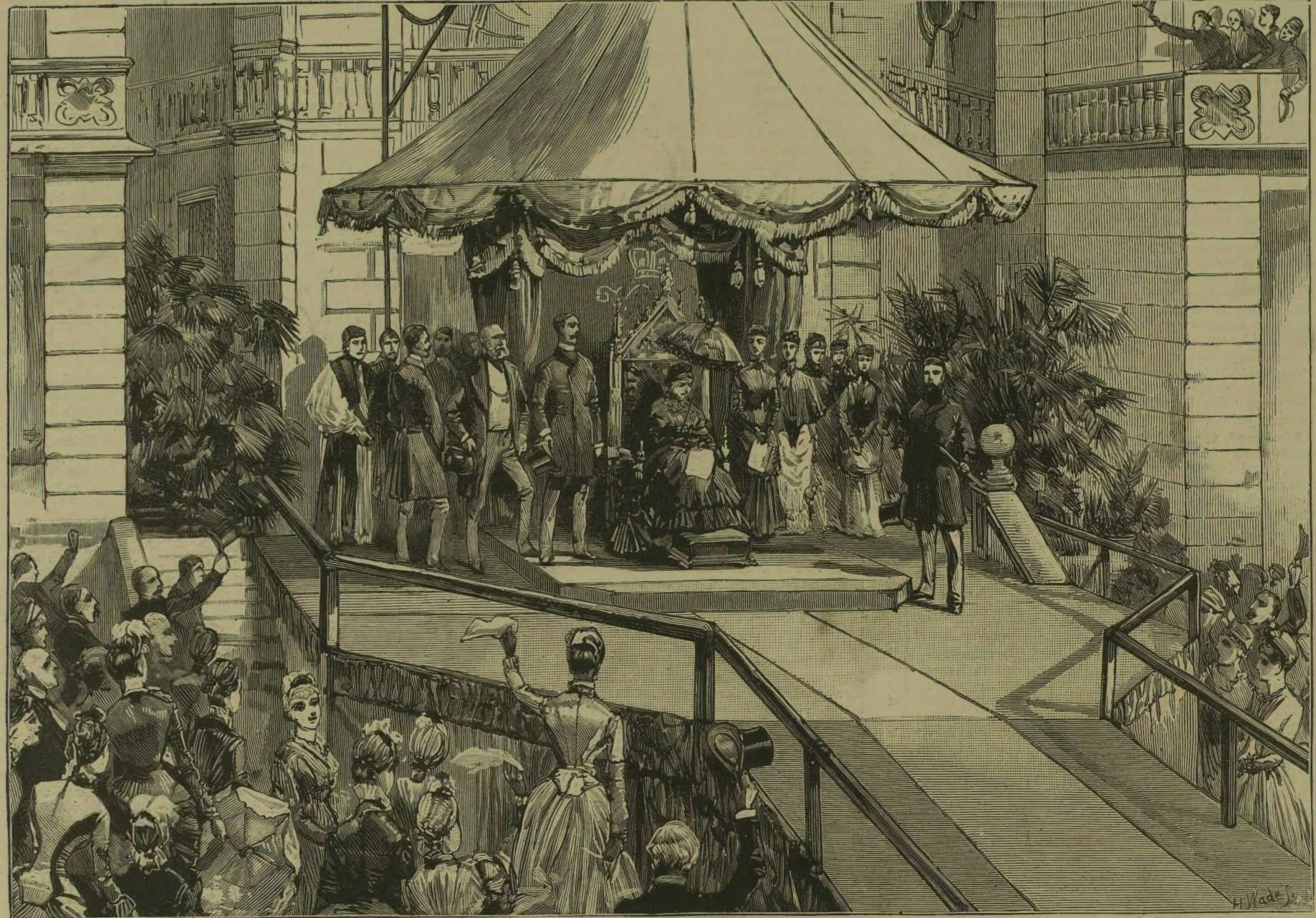
Henley Royal Regatta—the premier regatta of amateur oarsmen—has been held during the present week, commencing on Wednesday, and extending over Thursday and Friday, instead of being brought to a close at the conclusion of the second day, as heretofore.

In connection with the Working Girls' Protection Society, a French costume fair and promenade (supplementary to the fête lately held at the Crystal Palace) took place last Saturday, under most distinguished patronage, at St. Mary's grounds, attached to St. Austin's Priory, New Kent-road.

Mr. Frederick G. Saunders, who has been the secretary of the Great Western Railway Company for more than twenty-two years, has retired from that office, and takes a seat at the board of directors, in place of Mr. J. J. Bibby, who has resigned. Mr. Saunders is succeeded as secretary by Mr. J. D. Higgins, who for many years has been an assistant secretary of the company.

The transept and the two naves of the Crystal Palace were gorgeous with bloom and fragrant with perfume last Saturday, when the great rose show of the year was held. Like all the competitive exhibitions which take place annually at Sydenham, this was an unqualified success, in respect both to the number and the quality of the blooms displayed.

There has been an increase of emigration. During the six months ending June 30, the persons of British origin who left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe numbered 112,227; there were 47,731 foreigners, and 1198 persons whose nationality was not distinguished, the total thus being 161,156. Compared with the corresponding six months of the past year this shows an increase of 23,132 emigrants.



THE QUEEN OPENING THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

THE HOMeward BOUND.

South African colonists are much interested in the adventures of this little craft, which left Port Natal on May 1 for her perilous voyage to London, via the Cape and St. Helena. The Homeward Bound was built in the Orange Free State, by Nilson, a Norwegian sailor, who commands her. The pitch-pine and other materials for her construction were procured from Durban, on the coast; and to that port, 500 miles distant, she was conveyed by wagon, after her completion. Her registered tonnage is only $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons; and her dimensions are—20 ft. keel, 7 ft. broad, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. deep. She is not decked, she is cutter-rigged, and carries only one mast. Her crew consists of Captain Nilson, his brother, and another Norwegian sailor. She was last spoken outside Mossel Bay, Cape Colony, in long. 22 deg. 10 min. E., lat. 34 deg. 15 min. S., by the Royal mail-steamer *Duart Castle*; and our Illustration is from a photograph taken by instantaneous process, from the steamer's deck, by Mr. W. E. Bicknell, the second officer. The small craft had then been nearly six weeks at sea, and had experienced very rough weather, which had necessitated her putting into Port Elizabeth for a new main boom. Her captain declared "all well," and desired to be reported at Cape Town. After leaving that port, it is hoped that the south-east and north-east trades will assist the vessel materially as far as the Cape Verde Islands; after which, her more serious difficulties will begin. If she surmounts them, we may see her here before the close of the Colonial Exhibition.

RAILWAY DISASTER IN IRELAND.

On Wednesday last week a deplorable accident took place on the Great Northern Railway of Ireland. Five persons were killed, and many were seriously injured. The accident occurred about two miles below Portadown, at a spot where the line runs alongside a deep ditch. It is believed that the great heat of the past two days had caused the rails to expand, and on the 2.30 p.m. train from Portadown to Dublin reaching the place, the engine left the track and dashed into the ditch, dragging with it the whole train save the guard's van, which became detached, its occupant escaping unhurt, while the engine-driver and stoker were pitched headlong into a meadow on the other side of the ditch, but these men also were uninjured. The train, which consisted of engine, tender, and four first and second class carriages, became a complete wreck. It had left the line at a spot where the soil is soft and mossy, plunging into a deep drain, where it lay almost covered with mud. The three carriages next to the tender were broken into fragments, which were scattered in all directions. It seems that this part of the line was in charge of a "gaffer" and eleven men, augmented during the last few weeks by another party of labourers. In all five deaths have occurred, those of Mrs. Law and Miss Law, mother and daughter, from Gilford; Mr. Reilly, a sailor, of Chapel-street, Newry; and two other men, one of whom was in the employ of Mr. Adair, of Belfast, clock contractor to the railway company. The scene of the accident is shown in our Engraving.

THE QUEEN AT THE HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

A series of illustrations of the noble buildings at Mount Lee, Egham, erected by the trustees of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway for the College for Women, appeared in our last publication. The opening of the Royal Holloway College by her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, the 30th ult., was an interesting ceremony. Her Majesty, about five o'clock, drove from Windsor Castle, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught, Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Louis of Battenberg, with the ladies and gentlemen of their suite, escorted by some of the 2nd Life Guards. They were welcomed on the road by the students of Beaumont College, singing "God Save the Queen," and by the people of Egham, who had decorated that place with flags and triumphal arches. At the Royal Holloway College the Queen was received by Mr. George Martin Holloway, who was presented to her by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. The following trustees and governors were presented to the Queen:—Mr. H. Driver Holloway, Mr. David Chadwick, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Samuel Morley, Lord C. Bruce, Sir Henry Thring, K.C.B., Mr. R. C. Christie, Chancellor of the diocese of Manchester, Mr. Alderman Joseph Savory, and Mr. Walpole Lloyd-Greenwell. Her Majesty alighted at the principal entrance, where Miss Driver Holloway presented a bouquet to the Queen, and also one to Princess Beatrice. The Royal party, including Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe-Langenburg and Countess Feodore Gleichen, were



THE HOMeward BOUND, NOW ON HER VOYAGE FROM SOUTH AFRICA TO LONDON.



SCENE OF THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR PORTADOWN, IRELAND.



THE ROYAL REVIEW AT ALDERSHOTT: THE NORDENFELDT GUN OPENING FIRE TO COVER ADVANCE OF THE 10TH HUSSARS.

conducted to the chapel. An ode, written for the occasion by Mr. Martin Holloway, and specially set to music by Sir George Elvey, was sung by the choir, and a prayer was offered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her Majesty was then conducted by Mr. Martin Holloway to the Picture Gallery, where the architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, was presented, and offered for her Majesty's acceptance an album containing illustrations of the College; and the contractor, Mr. J. Thompson, was also presented, and offered for her Majesty's acceptance a gold key. The Queen, having inspected some of the students' rooms, passed along a corridor to an open gallery in the second quadrangle, and thence through a vestibule under the central tower to a platform in the first quadrangle, and to a chair of state under a canopy. The National Anthem was sung by a choir of vocalists, accompanied by the band of the Royal Artillery, and conducted by Sir George Elvey. At its conclusion, Mr. Martin Holloway handed the Queen an address, and requested her Majesty to receive the same, inclosed in a gold casket. The Queen was pleased to return a gracious answer, and the Earl of Kimberley, Secretary of State in attendance, by command of the Queen, declared the Royal College open. This declaration having been made, was announced by a flourish of trumpets of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons). The Archbishop of Canterbury gave the Benediction, and "Rule Britannia" was sung by the choir as her Majesty left the building by the main entrance, accompanied by the Royal family. Before leaving, the Queen expressed to Mr. Holloway her pleasure at having seen the building and her satisfaction at the arrangements, which we have already described. In addition to the particulars that were given, it should be mentioned that Messrs. Maple and Co., of Tottenham-court-road, have supplied all the furniture of the Royal Holloway College.

The key presented to the Queen on the occasion of opening this college was manufactured by Chatwood's Patent Safe and Lock Company, Limited, and is one of the finest examples of the locksmith's art. The stem and bit of the key are of gold, the top of the stem being encircled by two rows of diamonds. The bow of the key is attached to the stem and supported by two pairs of gold wings, set with diamonds and beautifully chased. The bow is of gold, and in the obverse the centre is of dead gold with the Royal monogram and crown in diamonds in relief. This is surrounded by a circle of enamel enclosed by two circles of burnished gold, bearing in gold letters the inscription "Opened by H.M. the Queen, June 30, 1886." Surrounding this is a magnificent laurel wreath of diamonds. The outer rim is formed by a plain band of burnished gold, a circle of beautifully chased and pierced gold-work, and a plain rim of the same metal. The reverse is of the same design, but in the centre the arms of the college take the place of the Royal monogram, the enamel band being inscribed with the name of the college. All the diamonds, about three hundred in number,

KEY PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE.

used in the decoration of the key are brilliants of the finest quality; and in respect both of design and workmanship it is indeed a masterpiece.

An important extension of the Colonial Parcel Post was inaugurated on Tuesday by the dispatch of the preliminary portion of the first parcel mails to each of the three Australian colonies—New South Wales, South Australia, and Victoria—with which the mother country has recently completed parcel post arrangements. Some degree of ceremonial proper to so interesting an occasion was observed.

COLONIAL and INDIAN EXHIBITION.

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OPEN DAILY from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. On Wednesdays and Saturdays open till Eleven p.m. Admission, 1s. Daily; Wednesdays, 2s. 6d. Military Bands and Illuminated Fountains and Gardens Daily, and occasional Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Madame ADELINA PATTI. Mr. AMBROSE AUSTIN has the honour to announce that his FOURTH and LAST GRAND MORNING CONCERT of the Season will take place WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, at Three o'clock. Artists—Madame Adelina Patti, Miss Emily Winant, and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli, Pianoforte, M. Vladimiro de Pachmann; Harp, Mr. John Thomas; Harmonium, Mr. L. Engel; Full Orchestra, Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins; Accompanist, Signor Bisaccia. Tickets, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. (Boxes, five guineas two guineas); at the Royal Albert Hall; usual Agents; and at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

JULY 14.—Madame ADELINA PATTI will make her FOURTH and LAST APPEARANCE in London this Season at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 14, at Three o'clock, and will SING ARIA "Ah! fors è un!" "La Traviata" (Verdi); "Echo Song (Eckert)"; "Darling Mine"; and, by desire, "Ave Maria" (Gounod, Bach). Harp and Harmonium obbligato, Mr. John Thomas and Mr. L. Engel.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight, TO-DAY (SATURDAY). FAUST, at Two o'clock, and SATURDAYS, JULY 17 and 24 (last morning performance). On these SATURDAYS (excepting July 24) the Theatre will be closed at Night. SATURDAY NIGHT, JULY 31, FAUST, Annual Benefit of Miss ELLEN TERRY, and last night of present Season.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING at Eight, and SATURDAY MORNING NEXT, JULY 17, at Two, CLAUDIAN, by Henry Hermann and W. G. Wills. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clydes, Hudson, A. Melford, C. H. Fulton, Elliott, Bernage, Carson, Russell, Do Solla, &c., and George Barrett; Mademoiselle Woodworth, Lea Cooke, Belmore, Gart, Holt, Byrd, &c. Mr. M. Eastlake. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages, 10.45. Box-office, 9.30 a.m. and Eight till 10.30 p.m. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. John Cudie. Mr. WILSON BARRETT'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES previous to his departure for America, HAMLET, JULY 19, 20, 21, and 22. Special Programme is being arranged for the MATINEE on THURSDAY, JULY 22. Particulars later. Seats may now be booked.

HAYMARKET.—Lessees and Managers, Messrs. E. RUSSELL and G. F. BASHFORD.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, JIM, THE PENMAN, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart. Ninety-first Performance. Messrs. Dacre, J. H. Barnes, Tree, Sugden, &c.; Miss Helen Leyton, Miss Lindley, and Lady Monckton.

THE BLENHEIM GALLERY.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and WOODS respectfully give Notice that they will SELL by AUCTION, at their Great ROOMS, 8, King-street, St. James's-square, on SATURDAY, JULY 24, and following Days, by order of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, the BLENHEIM GALLERY, of PICTURES by Old Masters, including the celebrated Madonna della Madona and Child, and Mrs. Morton's Lady Kilgrave, and several other fine Portraits by Van Dyck; two Landscapes, by Van De Neer; The Woman Taken in Adultery and Isaac Brought to Rebekah; a Venus and Cupid Restraining Adonis from the Chase; Portrait of Anne of Austria, The Adoration of the Magi; The Return of the Holy Family, and numerous other important works of Rubens; and a fine Breviary; Jordens, Ruyssael, Snyders, J. B. Wenzel, &c.; the series of 120 copies of the Pictures in the Archduke Leopold William's Gallery. The Italian Pictures include the celebrated Madonna della Stelle, by Carlo Dolce, engraved by M. de Nicholas, Tintoretto, Titian; and works of Albertini, Bonifacio, Carracci, L. Giordano, Tiepolo, Venusti, P. Veronese; also works of Claude Lanceret, Peter Poussin, Watteau; interesting Portraits by Barocci, Dobson, Gainsborough, Gerhardi, Holbein, Honhorst, Kneller, Lely, Mignard, Mirey, Pantoja, Reynolds, Rigaud, Van Somer, Titian, and P. Veronese, and the Collection of Oriental Porcelain and Miniatures; Catalogues may shortly be had, price 1s. each; or 1s. 3d., by post, on application.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Occasionally it strikes one as a pity that plays on which a certain literary skill has been employed, and that contain within them a germ of dramatic force—plays for the cultured, as distinct from plays for the people—should be regarded wholly and solely from the commercial standpoint. We do not ask ourselves whether they are good, but whether they will pay? Poetry, thought, imagination, the chances for passionate declamation, the opportunity for developing talent in actor or actress, are all swept aside; and if the subject be tragic, and the diction poetic, we hear on one side, when the curtain has fallen, "What a revolting subject!" and on the other, "It won't draw a penny!" Mr. A. C. Calmour has shown a very pretty gift in writing one-act tragedies. Let people gird at them as they will, this fact remains—that without them some very good acting might have been lost to the stage. "Love's Martyrdom" is a very excellent specimen of Mr. Calmour's work. Poets, no doubt, are very foolish who believe that their work ever will pay. But still poets write! Thousands of pounds, princely incomes and fortunes are not made by writing verses, be they in ballad, epic, or tragic form. But, for all that, the composition of such trifles is an elegant exercise. May not the voice of scholarship ever be heard across the footlights? and why do the men who preach so much about the degradation of modern dramatic literature refuse so often to hold out the open hand of hospitality to the poor scholar? In "Love's Martyrdom," an extremely tragic situation is approached in a direct and skilful manner. An heroic and devoted wife is awaiting in agony the return of her husband from Sedgmoor. He has espoused the cause of the luckless Monmouth, and the hours drag heavily whilst her "fond love" is on the battle-field. He returns, wounded to death, spent and prostrate. An exquisite picture of wifely devotion follows, as the gentle creature binds her dear lord's wounds, and pours the generous wine down his parched throat. Ere he sleeps, the wounded Knight calls his wife to his side, and makes her swear that if his enemies approach to take him she will place his dagger by his side, for he will kill himself rather than die exonerated as a traitor on Tower-hill. If, however, he have not strength to plunge the dagger into his heart, she is to help him to his end. The enemies approach; they batter at the door, and demand admittance. True to her oath, the wife wakes her lord; his strength fails him; and with a cry that pierces every heart, the wretched woman completes the sacrifice. But when the messengers approach they come with tidings of joy. They do not come to punish the Knight, but to pardon him. So the woman, distracted at what she has done, turns in despair from the cold face of her dead husband to the mocking calm of the messengers, and, maddened by her hopeless misery, plunges her husband's dagger into her wretched heart and falls dead over his body. This, I am told, is a "revolting subject." If it be so, then I fear that, to be consistent, we ought to banish most of Shakespeare and all of Victor Hugo from the stage. It is the kind of subject that a German writer would choose for ballad or illustration. And it does just what, I presume, it was required to do—develop in a very marked manner the strong dramatic talent of a young actress, Miss Dorothy Dene. If for nothing else but that, I should welcome such a play as "Love's Martyrdom." By her performance of Cassandra, at the Prince's Hall, Miss Dene showed a remarkable tragic power in one so young. It is no use to employ such talents as this on the trivialities and commonplaces of domestic drama. Miss Dene is wasted on plays like "Jack," because she wants scope and breadth, and width and air. She showed in Mr. Calmour's play an abandonment to the passion of the scene such as few modern actresses ever show, or have the chance of showing. Over and over again she hit the right note, and stirred her audience. Her movements were graceful, her voice powerful, her face eloquent with expression. Unless such remarkable talent as Miss Dorothy Dene possesses is to be watered down to the colourless and commonplace requirements of the accepted drama of to-day, we must have some more poetic plays by Mr. Calmour, and some more subjects as "revolting" as "Love's Martyrdom." For my own part, I cannot help thinking that with the actress will come the plays. "Phèdre," "Hernani," and "Adrienne" were not considered "revolting" when there was a Sara Bernhardt to play in them. Our dramatists will be very unwise if they neglect to see the material that is blossoming, and that one day will illuminate their work. Miss Eastlake showed what she could do when she had a chance in "Clito." Had Hellé been badly performed, what would have become of the play? The dramatists who have at their call in the future Miss Dene, Miss Millward, Miss Kate Rorke, among many others, need not fear that their hands will be tied. They will rise to the occasion when they are called upon, because they are using the stage as a workshop and not as a playground. Every hour, every day, they are working whilst their silly sisters are using the stage mostly as an advertisement, and employing it for their personal pleasure and enjoyment.

Miss Annie Hughes played very prettily as Rébée in Mr. W. G. Wills' version of Ouida's "Two Wooden Shoes"; but it is to be feared that no poetic drama can properly convey the charm of the original story. In this case, whatever fragrance might have been left after the romance was exposed to the cruel torture of stage arrangement was hopelessly destroyed by the crude, cruel, and ignorant acting shown in the minor characters. How Mr. Wyndham could have allowed one of those three young ladies in the last act ever to step on the boards of his theatre, is a puzzle that few can explain. They did what everyone must have seen they would do at rehearsal—they ruined the little play. Nay, they did more: they spoiled the acting of Miss Annie Hughes in her best scene by their idiotic giggling and guffawing. To contrast the poetry of Ouida's French romance with its idyllic purity and simplicity with the hideously modern and unimaginative young-ladyism of Westbourne-grove is death to all poetry or art on the stage. Tragedy may revive if we get some more Dorothy Denes; but poetry must become a laughing-stock when it is subjected to insult at the hands of young ladies who apparently go on the stage to show how ignorant and incompetent they are. This remarkable trio never took the trouble to learn their words.

The season is rapidly winding up. Mr. Wilson Barrett has started his American répertoires with "Claudian," to be followed by "Hamlet"; and, before we go holiday-making, we are to see Henry Irving once more play Jeremy Diddler for the benefit of the Actors' Fund.

C. S.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales is to be held in London next year.

Mr. Frederick Penna gave a dramatic recital of "Othello" on Monday evening at Steinway Hall. After the recital he sang two of his most successful songs by Purcell and Schubert.

A performance will be given at the Lyceum Theatre, on the evening of July 24, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, when the Prince and Princess of Wales will attend, and when Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry will appear in "The Bells" and "Raising the Wind."

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 23, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING ROOM.

Painted by F. SAIGENT.—This magnificent Picture, together with "The House of Lords," containing over 330 Portraits, painted from special sittings of her Majesty, the Royal Family, the aristocracy, and others, is ON VIEW at the GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 23, Old Bond-street. Ten to Seven. Admission, One Shilling.

GAINSBOROUGH GALLERY, 25, Old Bond-street, in connection with the above.

Exhibition of upwards of 1000 ORIGINAL CABINET PAINTINGS and WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, painted by J. E. Hodgson, R.A.; F. H. Yeames, R.A.; Wilmot Pilsbury, &c. The Pictures in this section may be purchased at moderate prices. No extra charge for admission.

LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL'S PASTORAL PLAYERS,

under the Management of Mr. E. W. Godwin, will perform FAIR ROSAMUND, a Love Pastoral, adapted by Mr. Godwin from Lord Tennyson's "Becket," in CANNIZZARO WOODS, WIMBLEDON, on JULY 20, 21, and 22. Tickets, 21s. each, procurable by written application to Mrs. Calisher, of Tricklingess, 14, Beaumont-gardens, S.W.; Mrs. Horne Page, 20, Kensington-square, W.; Mrs. Leo Schuster, Cannizaro Woods, 1, St. Duncan Campbell, Bart., 5, Stafford-street, W.; Colindale, Gordon Alexander, 29, Dover-street, W.; or, in person, at Theatrical Ticket Office, Junior Army and Navy Stores, Waterloo-place, S.W.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week her Majesty reviewed the troops at Aldershot in the presence of distinguished visitors from India, the Colonies, and Egypt, and representatives of many foreign countries. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice. The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, occupied another carriage; and among those present were the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the 10th Hussars, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Albert Victor, the Prince of Teck, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and several officers of high distinction. The manoeuvres consisted of a march past and sham fight. Mr. Boehm was summoned by the Queen to Windsor to take a medallion portrait of her Majesty for the new gold, silver, and bronze coinage to be issued during the jubilee year (1887). The Queen has ordered Mr. Boehm to finish a small bust of herself in marble, as a present to the Abbé Liszt. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Royal family and some of the Royal household attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiating and preaching the sermon. Princess Christian visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Queen on Monday entertained upwards of two hundred and fifty representatives of India and the Colonies at Windsor Castle. The Prince and Princess of Wales and several other members of the Royal family were present. Her Majesty held a reception in St. George's Hall, and, after luncheon, the various places of interest in the vicinity of the castle were visited. The party returned to town by special train in the evening. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg took leave of her Majesty, on their departure for Germany, and left the castle, with the infant Princess Alice. The Rajah Patal Singh, of Narsinghar, was introduced to an audience of her Majesty by the Earl of Kimberley.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess and their three daughters, opened some industrial dwellings in Hoxton on Thursday week. The buildings, which will accommodate 1200 persons, have been erected out of the public charities of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and St. Luke's; and his Royal Highness, in the course of a short speech, made a reference to public charities and the dwellings of the poor. On the same day the Prince was installed Grand Master of the Mark Masons by the Earl of Kintore, late Grand Master, in Freemasons' Hall, where were assembled more than 1000 Grand, Past Grand, and Provincial Grand officers. In the evening the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Albert Victor, visited the Gaiety Theatre. On the following morning the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House for Aldershot, to be present at the review of the troops by the Queen. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duchess of Albany visited the Prince and Princess last Saturday, and remained to luncheon. The Count de Paris, the Duc de Chartres, the Duc d'Orléans, son of the Count de Paris, and Prince Henri d'Orléans, son of the Duc de Chartres, likewise visited their Royal Highnesses, and lunched with them. Mr. Dmitri Slaviansky d'Agrenoff's Russian choir had the honour of performing before the Prince and Princess, and the other members of the Royal family, after luncheon. Mr. T. Walter Wilson had the honour of submitting to the Prince and Princess his two pictures, "The Start" and "Finish of the Season," which were afterwards shown, by express desire, to the Comte de Paris, the Duc de Chartres, and other guests lurching with them. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, went to Windsor on Monday morning to be present at the Colonial and Indian reception by the Queen. Their Royal Highnesses lunched with her Majesty, and returned to London in the afternoon. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise, were present at a ball given by Lord and Lady Aveland at their residence in Belgrave-square. Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain the Hon. A. Greville, distributed the prizes to the successful candidates of the St. John Ambulance Association at the Polytechnic, Regent-street. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg visited the Prince and Princess of Wales in the morning. On Tuesday morning the Prince left Marlborough House for Newmarket, where he remained during the races, occupying his apartments in the Jockey Club building, returning to London on Friday. The Princess, with her daughters, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left town in the afternoon also for Newmarket, where she was the guest of Lord and Lady Cadogan for a couple of days. The Prime Minister of Victoria, acting in conjunction with the other colonies, has, through the Governor, forwarded a cordial invitation to the Prince of Wales to visit Australia next year, on the occasion of the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition.

By the permission of the Countess of Dudley, an attractive fancy sale, under the immediate patronage of Princess Mary Adelaide, was held in the Picture Gallery, Dudley House, Park-lane, on Thursday and Friday, last week, in aid of Miss Leigh's mission work among English and American women in Paris.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne opened a bazaar, yesterday week, in aid of the funds of the North London or University College Hospital, Gower-street, in the grounds of the college.—Her Royal Highness witnessed the performance of "Frivoli" at Drury-Lane Theatre on Tuesday night.

Princess Christian laid the foundation stone of a Memorial Hall last Saturday, at the Forest School, Walthamstow. The dedication prayer and address was offered by the Bishop of St. Albans. The chief cost of the building was defrayed by the old pupils of the school, who initiated the movement.—On Tuesday afternoon Princess Christian (President of the institution) was present at a meeting in aid of the East London Nursing Society, held at 22, Hyde Park-gardens, by permission of Mrs. Scaramanga. The Bishop of Sodor and Man presided, supported by a distinguished company.—Her Royal Highness will, this (Saturday) afternoon, lay the foundation-stone of the Finsbury and Shoreditch Polytechnic.

The Duke of Cambridge, Princess Mary Adelaide, and Princess Victoria of Teck, attended by Lady Geraldine Somerset and Major-General Greville, attended Divine service at Kew parish church on Sunday morning, when the Bishop of Peterborough preached the annual sermon on behalf of the Queen's Schools.

Princess Mary Adelaide, the Duke of Teck, and Princess Victoria dined with his Excellency the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington at the French Embassy, Albert-gate, on Monday evening.

Countess Karolyi held a reception, at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, Belgrave-square, on Saturday night. The evening party was preceded by a dinner, for which covers were laid for twenty.—His Excellency left the Austrian Embassy on Tuesday for Schwalbach, having obtained leave of absence for several months. During the absence of his Excellency, M. Hengel-müller will act as Chargé d'Affaires.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

From every part of the country there are coming accounts of the active share which is being taken by women in the present electoral contest. The ladies are by no means acting entirely on one side. The Primrose League has the advantage of having been longest established, and having, therefore, most thoroughly organised the assistance of women for its candidates; while only too many Liberals are but just waking up to the importance of the influence of women in politics. Nevertheless, many Liberal candidates have been able to boast of the efforts put forth on their behalf by ladies. Of course, the anomaly of refusing the vote to those who are begged to give active work in election contests, is too absurd to be long kept up. Probably, therefore, the very next Session of Parliament will see a Women's Suffrage Bill carried.

No contest could better display the absurdity of the present state of affairs than that for the London University seat. The qualification for the vote for that special constituency is personal. It is not paying rates on a house; it is holding a degree, which proves the individual education and capacity of the person so entitled to vote. Yet the many women graduates of the University are not allowed to exercise their vote, merely because of their sex! What in the name of wonder can that have to do with voting? It is open, under the ratepaying qualification, to certain foolish persons to say that to be of the female sex indicates intellectual incapacity; and who shall question that saying when the qualification is one which the stupid share with the intelligent—namely, ratepaying? But in the London University election, the voting qualification actually is intellectual capacity, tested and certified. The women graduates of that University have passed the test and possess the certification. They hold the same degrees, gained by the same examinations, as the men. Why are they excluded from the exercise of their right and the fulfilment of their duty to the State as graduate electors?

It may be wished that the Holloway College for women were something else than a permanent advertisement for a quack medicine; and that the first personal association of Queen Victoria with that "Woman Movement" which will be historically one of the most wonderful phenomena of her Majesty's most marvellous time had been in connection with some more dignified development of the new departure. However, I am glad that, under even such conditions, the Queen has shown her sympathy with the modern views about "women's sphere." Her Majesty's influence has hitherto appeared rather to go in the opposite direction. There is a passage quoted from the Royal diary in "The Life of the Prince Consort," in which the Queen seems to lay it down as an axiom that good women must detest political affairs. When the medical woman question was being fought over in Edinburgh, old Sir Robert Christison was called to Balmoral; and, on his return, he stated publicly that her Majesty disapproved of the admission to that University of women medical students. But one of the great charms of her Majesty's character has been the open mind which she has always shown herself to possess for new ideas. She allows herself to move with the times; and she has done so in this matter, evidently. Her daughters have long been quite advanced on all these points. Princess Louise has personally consulted a lady doctor. Princess Alice was untiring in her efforts for the elevation of women in her Duchy, for which end she founded the "Alice Society." Above all, the Princess Royal has constantly endeavoured to raise the position of German women, educationally and industrially, the *Lette Verein* and the Victoria Lyceum at Berlin being her Imperial Highness's head centres, so to speak, for this work.

I understand that there is little likelihood of the Holloway College being immediately available for women students. The endowment is not sufficient. So vast a pile needs a considerable income for its mere maintenance; for rates and taxes, for housekeepers, and housemaids, and porters, and coals, and lights, and water, and gardeners for the grounds, and the inevitable repairs. Mr. Holloway's funds have provided a small endowment, but not enough in proportion to the requirements of so great a place to allow of the building being properly utilised. In process of time, doubtless, other benefactors will arise who will aid the Holloway College with means for meeting incidental charges, and for maintaining good professors, and giving scholarships and prizes. But, meantime, it seems as if it would have been more sensible if half Holloway's money had been spent on the building, and the other half on bringing a less showy and smaller edifice into practical working order for the accomplishment of its ostensible object.

The great evening fête at the Botanical Gardens was, as usual, one of the successes of the London season. The beauty of the illuminations on these occasions must be seen to be understood. The long avenue from the principal entrance to the great conservatory has chains of lights in large opal globes, swung from pole to pole. Every flower-bed and shrubbery, every tree and bush, sparkles with tiny variegated lamps. The resources of art are lavished especially, however, on the lake, where the water multiplies the effects by its reflections. In one place, a floating island of many colours, in shape like a star, lights up the surface of the dark, sleeping waters. In another, a row of half-hoops, gradually diminishing in size as they recede from the spectator, and hung all round with little lamps, are repeated by reflection, so as to give the effect of an oval illuminated tunnel stretching far away. The optical illusions are constant surprises. Each bank is turned into a corridor by arches covered with tiny sparkling lights; and these seem to extend an infinite distance, so that what proves to be only a matter of a hundred paces looks a mile in length. About half the eight thousand people present wore evening dress. It was a pity that so much walking dress should be intermingled with the lighter attire. There seems something incongruous about a lady in low-cut pale yellow silk, with diamonds in her hair, being jostled by a fly-away young Miss with a manly brown velvet cut-away coat, waistcoat, and jockey cap, white linen front and white tie, and gold-headed crutch-stick in hand.

There are old playgoers, I know, who declare that there never was a Rosalind to equal Helen Faucitt. We of the younger generation will never see Lady Martin on the stage, but a favoured few had the next best thing last week, for the famous actress read her old part in "As You Like It" to a select audience in Miss Anna Swanwick's drawing-room. It was enough to let us know what we had lost by not being of our father's generation. How dead and dull a thing modern acting must seem to those who remember the old school in its prime! To Lady Martin (as to Mrs. Stirling and the elder Farren—I can think of no others now on the stage who have the old traditions) her part was evidently an absorption of her whole being. Though she sat still in her chair, she seemed somehow as though she acted all over; and then every line, every word, appeared to have had its special study. Artificial the style is, no doubt; but then is not acting one of the arts? Impressive it was, beyond question; and the elocution was perfect. F. F.-M.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM MAXWELL, BART.

Sir William Maxwell, third Baronet, of Cardoness, J.P. and D.L. for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, died at Edinburgh, on the 27th ult. He was born Feb. 13, 1809, the eldest son of Sir David Maxwell, second Baronet; was admitted an Advocate at the Scottish Bar in 1831; and succeeded his father Nov. 13, 1860. He married, first, Jan. 28, 1841, Mary, daughter of Mr. John Sprot, and had by her (who died Feb. 24, 1846) a daughter, Mary Grace, second wife of Sir William Gordon, Bart., of Earlston, and two sons—David, Major 15th Hussars, who married Margaret Louisa, daughter of Mr. La Trobe Bateman, F.R.S., of Moor Park, Surrey, but died without issue in 1876; and William Francis, now fourth Baronet of Cardoness, born 1844, who married, 1884, Jessidora, daughter of Mr. J. A. Macrae, of Wellbank. The Baronet whose death we record married secondly, Feb. 6, 1851, Louisa Maria, eldest daughter of Mr. G. J. Shakerley, and leaves by her four daughters.

MR. BLAKE, OF BALLINAFAD.

Mr. Mark Blake, of Ballinafad, county Mayo, J.P., and High Sheriff 1859, whose death is announced, sat in Parliament for Mayo from 1840 to 1846, as one of the supporters of O'Connell. He was born in 1818, the eldest son of Mr. Maurice Blake, of Ballinafad, High Sheriff 1839, by Anne, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. Arthur Lynch, of Cloghballymore, in the county of Galway, and represented a branch of Blake of Renvyle.

MR. COBBE, OF NEWBRIDGE.

Mr. Charles Cobbe, M.A., of Newbridge House, in the county of Dublin, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff of that county in 1841, and for the county of Louth in 1867, died on the 5th inst. He was born Aug. 17, 1811, the eldest son of Mr. Charles Cobbe, of Newbridge, J.P. and D.L., and grandson of Mr. Thomas Cobbe, of Newbridge, the son and heir of Dr. Cobbe, Archbishop of Dublin, who built the fine mansion house of Newbridge about the year 1737. The gentleman whose death we record married, first, in 1839, Louisa Caroline, daughter of Mr. George Frederick Brooke, of Summerton; and, second, in 1886, Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. Henry Moore, of Julianstown Rectory, Meath, but leaves no issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Joseph Firbank, J.P., D.L., and High Sheriff of Monmouthshire, on the 29th ult., aged sixty-seven.

The Hon. Mrs. Sturgis (Mary Cecilia), wife of Mr. Henry Parkman Sturgis, and fourth daughter of Viscount Hampden, the late Speaker, on the 24th ult., aged thirty-five.

The Rev. John Rogers, D.D., Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Catechetics in the Presbyterian College, Belfast, in his seventy-fifth year.

Mr. John Sayer, of Pett Place, Kent, and Arlingham, Gloucestershire, on the 1st inst., very suddenly, aged sixty-three. He was the representative of a branch of an old Essex family, and descended from Sir John Sayer, page to King William III. Monsignor Charles Parfitt, D.D., of Midford Castle, near Bath, and of Cottles, Wilts, Canon of Clifton and Chamberlain of Honour to the Pope, on the 27th ult., aged sixty-nine. A few years since he succeeded, by bequest, to the landed property of the Conolly family.

Mr. Deputy Fry, a well-known and respected member of the Corporation of London, on the 30th ult., in his seventy-fourth year. His death arose from the shock of a railway accident that befell him on the evening of his return from the ceremony at the Royal Holloway College.

General Henry Aitcheson Hankey, recently, at Cliffe House, Sandgate, in his eighty-third year. He entered the 16th Regiment in 1823, and attained the rank of General in 1871. He married, in 1852, Lady Emily Pennefather, daughter of the first Earl of Glengall.

Rachel Ann, Lady Fairbairn, widow of Sir Peter Fairbairn, of Woodsley House, Leeds, and fourth daughter of the late Mr. Robert William Brandling, of Low Gosforth, Northumberland, on the 25th ult. She was first married to Captain Charles Bell, of Woolsington.

Captain Thomas Edward Every Clayton, of Carr Hall, in the county of Lancaster, on the 28th ult., at his seat near Burnley, aged forty-five. He was son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Every (second son of Sir Henry Every, ninth Baronet, of Eggington), who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Colonel Clayton, of Carr Hall, and assumed the additional surname of Clayton.

In four handsome volumes, well printed, which are published by Messrs. Blackie and Sons, for subscribers only, and of which two volumes have appeared, Mr. Thomas Archer is relating the history of *The War in Egypt and the Soudan*. He is an able and practised writer, with a special faculty of collecting and arranging the materials of narrative of contemporary or recent events interesting to his countrymen; and this work is executed with a finish of literary style worthy of its pretensions to abiding public favour. It begins with a description of modern Egypt and the annexed territories under the rule of Mohammed Ali and his successors, noticing the previous French invasion and its repulse by the aid of Great Britain. The course of Egyptian Government during the present century, the domestic condition of that country, the conquest of the Soudan, and the growth of the slave trade are described; then follow the administrative efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon; the financial embarrassments of Ismail Pasha, the establishment of the Anglo-French "Dual Control," the disaffection and insubordination of the native military officers, headed by Arabi Pasha, the suppression of their revolt by British arms, and the Arab rebellion in the Soudan, instigated by the fanatical teachings of the Mahdi, whose influence, and that of Osman Digma, over the wild tribes of the Desert are discussed in this historical review. The second volume ends with the battles of El Teb and Tamai, near Souakim, in February and March, 1884, leaving for succeeding volumes the narrative of Gordon's mission to Khartoum, his heroic defence of the besieged city, and Lord Wolseley's expedition up the Nile, with the memorable incidents of that adventurous campaign. Each volume is adorned with a dozen fine illustrations, of full-page size; the lithograph-portraits of General Gordon and Lord Wolseley are given as frontispieces; and the wood engravings are drawn by Mr. J. Schönberg, our Special Artist, who was in Egypt during the campaign against Arabi Pasha. We can sincerely commend the manner in which the first half of this work has been executed, and safely promise that the remaining portion will be of equal merit.



THE ROYAL REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT.



CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS AND 5TH LANCERS ON THE RALLYING SQUARES OF THE GUARDS.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.
(By our Paris Correspondent)
THE BUTCHERS OF LIMOGES.

Limoges, July 4.

The butchers of Limoges are all members of five families; they all live in the same quarter of the town; and even now, in 1886, they form a corporation and observe certain usages and traditions, just as their ancestors did hundreds of years ago. The archaeologists see in these five families the descendants of the butchers who saw the victorious legions of Cesar, and whom the successive invaders of the Limousin country maintained and confirmed in their privileges on account of the usefulness of their services. Existing documents show that the butchers' corporation was legally constituted in the eleventh century, and since then their manner of life appears to have remained unchanged. Ask a Limogeon to-day about the butchers, and he will tell you that, in spite of their sordid and filthy houses, and in spite of their poor appearance, the butchers are very rich, and that in the upper parts of their houses, where no stranger ever penetrates, "they walk on carpets," and live luxuriously. You will be told also that the butchers do not like to see strangers in their street or in their chapel; and, furthermore, that they are proud, quick to take offence, and not easy to deal with. These Limogeon butchers have, in fact, been looked upon for centuries as pariahs. Until the last century no butcher married a woman not belonging to his caste; even to the present day, like the Jews in the past, they affect outward signs of poverty; and the idea that strangers are not welcome in the quarter of the butchers is a survival of the old usage and prejudice. Formerly, no one ever passed through the butchers' street; on the days and at the hours fixed by the Consuls of the town, the butchers sold meat in the public market; then, when the market was over, they returned to their quarter, shut up their houses, and let their dogs loose.

The Rue de la Boucherie—or, as the natives call it, in reference to its shape, the Rue Torto—is, I suppose, the filthiest, the most repulsive, and the most picturesque street in modern Europe. It is a steep and very narrow alley, crooked, like a dog's hind leg, and lined on each side by queer houses, centuries old, with roofs projecting far over the roadway, walls built of beams and cross timbers, filled in with lath and plaster, and a third and top storey entirely open to the air. The ground floor of each house is an open shop, the front of which is garlanded and festooned with quarters of animals, bunches of livers and hearts, bouquets of bladders, strings of red and bleeding meat, calves' heads, sheep's heads, tripe, and all kinds of carnivorous horrors. The counter stretches over the gutter, down which runs a foul stream, polluted with offal of all kinds, and under this counter the butchers' children delight to play, in company with the cats and the brindled grey mediæval butchers' dogs. Above the counter is stretched a ragged awning of bloodstained cloths. The inside of the shops is as horrible as the outside. Imagine a cave with blood-bespattered walls, smoke-blackened rafters, and a floor paved with irregular slabs of granite! From the ceiling the meat hangs from long iron rods, curiously twisted. To the left a narrow black staircase slants steeply into the upper darkness. At the back of the cave a gate opens into a smaller cave, perfectly dark, where, until lately, the beasts were stalled and killed. Beside this gate is a dresser with shelves laden with the family crockery; near by are the family chairs and table, and at the big open fireplace the housewife does her cooking. There are some fifty shops in this Rue de la Boucherie, each one occupied by a member of the corporation of butchers, and each one forming a queer picture, with strong effects of light and shade, reminding one of Rembrandt. In the course of all my wanderings, I have never seen anything like this Rue de la Boucherie, or anything which gives one so completely an idea of a mediæval street and of mediæval life.

The butchers are irascible-looking men, with small heads, dull eyes, straight and delicate or slightly aquiline noses, chestnut hair, long chins, sensual mouths, and red faces. Their general expression of countenance is rough and energetic; their voices are brusque; but they are, nevertheless, kindly in speech and polite. The women are small, pale, and anæsthetic-looking, and bear marks of a race worn out by constant intermarriages. The fact is that the butchers are all cousins. The oldest family, according to the tradition, bears the name of Cibot, and the others are named Pouret, Parot, Malinvaud, Inge, and Plainemaison. Then, in order to facilitate identification, each one has a sobriquet, which becomes hereditary, like the family name—thus, there is Cibot Parpaillaud (butterfly), Cibot dit Boileux Père, Cibot Minet dit gendre à Simon, Cibot dit le Petit Maître; the Malinvauds are nicknamed Malinvaud-Chagrin, Malinvaud-Pipe; the Parots are called Nâplat (flat-nose), Chérant (selling dear), Fils du Canonier; a Plainemaison bears the sobriquet of Louis XVIII.; and a short Pouret is known as Tan-Piti (so little). I need not add that these butchers speak a Limousin patois which differs but slightly from the old Limousin dialect, and it is only lately that they have consented to send their children to school and have them taught good French.

I have spoken of the butchers as still forming a corporation, as they did in the Middle Ages. And yet in 1791 all trade corporations were abolished by law. How then has this of the butchers survived? Through their obstinate fidelity to tradition and through their religious propensities. The Limoges butchers look upon Saint Aurélien as their patron, and for centuries they have belonged to a Confrérie de Saint Aurélien composed exclusively of the members of their families. In the middle of their street they have a chapel of their own, dating from the fourteenth century; they have their own cure, their relics, and their two great annual fêtes of St. Aurélien for the great butchers, and of Notre Dame des Petits Ventres for the tripe butchers. At the time of the Revolution their chapel was sold by auction, together with the sacristy and dependencies, and bought by Barthélémy Cibot and Maurice Malinvaud. In 1827, when the country became once more settled, all the butchers, heads of families, numbering fifty-eight, declared, before a notary, that the chapel had been bought to be the common property of the butchers, and the price paid by all the butchers. It is this Confrérie de St. Aurélien which keeps the butchers together. Every seven years the butchers meet in the sacristy of their chapel, and elect a captain, a lieutenant, and two syndics, each of whom appoints four corporals. These officers form a sort of council, which watches over the religious, social, and commercial interests of the inhabitants of this curious quarter of Limoges.

The organisation of this confrérie, as it was explained to me by the captain, is very complicated. It will suffice to show how conservative and honest the butchers are, to say that the chapel and all the working of the confrérie is supported by fixed contributions and taxes levied on cattle, and collected by the syndics. No instance is known of a butcher rebelling against these taxes, or refusing to conform to the traditions of the confrérie. On the contrary, the butchers are proud of their traditions; and, in spite of progress, freethinking, anti-clericalism, and what not, they continue to regard the image and relics of Saint Aurélien as the Palladium of their homes, and the guardian of their prosperity. They are even

ready to defend Saint Aurélien with their knives and pikes; and the Prefect, and the Radical Mayor of Limoges, have not dared to enforce certain recent anti-religious laws in the quarter of the butchers for fear of provoking desperate bloodshed.

The butchers elude in some way the French laws of succession. For instance, the eldest son always remains in, and keeps on the paternal establishment; but during the life of his father he receives no fixed salary. The father's authority is supreme, and he disposes of his property as he thinks proper. The eldest son never leaves the paternal house; when he reaches the age of twenty-three he marries, and his father keeps and lodges him and his wife, and allows him to sell certain offal, which brings him some 6f. or 8f. a week. This is all the eldest son can earn until he succeeds his father. The other children leave the paternal house on the day of their marriage, and enter the service of other butchers, generally of their fathers-in-law.

In the organisation, customs, and traditions of the Limoges butchers there is a curious sociological study to be made. I have only briefly indicated the outlines of their society, thinking that it may interest the reader and the traveller to know that there are still some remnants of the past that have resisted progress of all kinds, whether social, commercial, or hygienic.

T. C.

The French Senate on Monday voted urgency for the Ministerial Bill relating to the proposed Universal Exhibition in 1889; and also approved the protocol concluded between France and Germany on Dec. 24, 1885, in regard to the West Coast of Africa and Oceania. In the Chamber on Tuesday, the bill imposing a surtax on cereals was declared urgent by 307 against 257 votes, after an animated debate.—The marriage of the Duc de Morny with Mdlle. Carlotta Guzman y Barra, one of the daughters of General Guzman Blanco, took place on the 18th inst. at the Madeleine, which was crowded with a brilliant and fashionable assemblage.—A statue of Alphonse De Lamartine was unveiled at Passy on Wednesday; and fifty deputies, headed by the President of the Chamber, were nominated to attend the ceremony.

The Italian Parliament adjourned on the 3rd inst. until November.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin arrived at Ems last Saturday evening on a visit to the Emperor of Germany, and on Sunday they were entertained at dinner by his Majesty—Count Hatzfeldt, the German Ambassador in London, being also invited. The Emperor's health is excellent.

The Bavarian Diet was closed on the 1st inst. Both Houses unanimously voted the sum of 200,000fl. as an allowance for the Prince Regent.

The Emperor of Austria has left Vienna for Ischl. Last Saturday his Majesty paid a farewell visit to Comte Foucher de Careil at the French Embassy.

The first through train on the Canadian Pacific Railway reached Vancouver punctually on Monday morning, having left Montreal on the previous Monday.

The Premier of Victoria has instructed the Agent-General of that colony in London to impress upon the Colonial Office the necessity for a speedy withdrawal of the French troops from the New Hebrides.—The revenue of New South Wales for the past year amounted to £7,560,000, being an increase of £68,000, as compared with the preceding year. The Customs receipts increased £180,000, but the land revenue decreased £280,000.—The Queensland revenue for the quarter ending June 30 amounted to £681,702, being an increase of £946, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year. The revenue for the year amounted to £2,868,294, showing an increase of £147,638, as compared with the previous year. The expenditure for the quarter ending June 30 amounted to £1,011,522, showing an increase of £147,102 over the corresponding quarter of last year. The expenditure for the year was £3,090,159, being an increase of £270,306 over that of the previous year.

M. Léon Say was entertained at dinner at the Mansion House yesterday week, and made pleasant references to his former visits to London.

Mr. William Darkin has been elected, unopposed, a member of the Court of Common Council for Castle Baynard ward, in the place of the late Mr. David Spence.

The good old art of story-telling is turned to new uses nowadays, and, under the cover of fiction, writers ventilate their political opinions and expound their deepest convictions. In *Masollam*, by Mr. Laurence Oliphant (Blackwood), the reader finds himself in a strange world, in which the chief actors of the story exercise mysterious powers, and are conscious of secret influences. They see visions and dream dreams, and the occult gifts they possess, while nobly exercised by some of the characters, are used with diabolical energy by others. We do not pretend to understand the writer's altruistic philosophy, nor all the actions to which it gives rise on the part of the principal dramatis personæ. Such accommodating and self-denying lovers as Amina and Florence, Reginald and Sebastian, were surely never before invented by a novelist; but then the world is changing, and possibly even love-making in the new era may be conducted under new conditions. *Masollam*, who gives his name to the tale, cannot be said to belong to the world in which novel-readers live and move. Somewhat inexplicable are his two natures. At times he appears to be young, and at other times so decrepid and faded that his eyes go out like extinguished lamps. He is a sage who professes to be under the control of "combinations made in the invisible"; and we see him at one moment in a state of absolute prostration, and in the next, by the help of "restoratives of which the medical profession have never dreamed," in a condition of the fullest mental and physical energy. He divines the thoughts of others, and his gifts are in considerable measure shared by his designing wife, who uses them for evil purposes. Another mystic who figures in the narrative is Count Santalba, a man of a very different type; and in short, whether the scene is in England or the reader is introduced to the Druses of the Lebanon, he will have to do with people exercising arts unknown to ordinary mortals. There is a chapter, by-the-way, in the second volume in which Sheikh Mohanna, a fine old Druse, relates his experiences of the occult, and describes phenomena said to be familiar to the modern spiritualist; but he implies, which the spiritualist does not, that his delusions were due to infernal agency, and that he was "taken possession of." Mr. Oliphant anticipates an objection on the part of his readers to such phenomenal beings, but thinks it well to illustrate what he calls "the new and highly sensitive conditions that are now overtaking the race." By the help of these conditions, which for the purpose of the writer must be accepted without discussion, he has been able to write a brilliant and effective novel, full of exciting incident, full of character, and full, to overflowing perhaps, of subtle analysis. The descriptive passages, too, are admirable, and the picture of Eastern life is drawn with the hand of a master.

The organisation of this confrérie, as it was explained to me by the captain, is very complicated. It will suffice to show how conservative and honest the butchers are, to say that the chapel and all the working of the confrérie is supported by fixed contributions and taxes levied on cattle, and collected by the syndics. No instance is known of a butcher rebelling against these taxes, or refusing to conform to the traditions of the confrérie. On the contrary, the butchers are proud of their traditions; and, in spite of progress, freethinking, anti-clericalism, and what not, they continue to regard the image and relics of Saint Aurélien as the Palladium of their homes, and the guardian of their prosperity. They are even

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" was to have been given last Saturday evening for the first time this season; but owing to the severe indisposition of Signor D'Andrade (the Figaro of the cast), the performance was postponed to Thursday. Instead of Mozart's immortal work, "Rigoletto" was the opera on Saturday, with the character of Gilda finely sustained by Madame Albani, who has never rendered it more admirably than on this occasion. Another familiar feature was the Maddalena of Madame Scalchi. M. Maurel's performance of the title-character is less widely known. He gave the music of the part in thoroughly artistic style, and acted with earnestness, yet with a judicious avoidance of that grotesque exaggeration which it is difficult to steer clear of in such a character as that of the Court jester. Signor Runcio, as the Duke, sang effectively in some instances, but in others with too forcible use of a voice that will not bear extreme strain. Other features of the cast call for no comment.

For Tuesday a repetition of "Don Giovanni" was announced; for Thursday (as already said), "Le Nozze di Figaro"; and this (Saturday) evening "Lohengrin" is to be given, with Madame Albani as Elsa; the preceding afternoon being appropriated to another repetition of "Don Giovanni." The revival of "Zampa" is announced for next Tuesday.

Signor Bevignani continues to perform the duties of conductor with unabated energy. With the close of next week the season will terminate.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir gave the third and last concert of the season, at St. James's Hall, during the past week. The programme included madrigals and part-songs, old and new; a pleasing novelty having been a part-song, "Rove not to the Rhine," composed by Mr. J. C. Ward. Vocal pieces were contributed by Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley; and pianoforte solos were brilliantly played by M. De Pachmann. M. Slaviansky's Russian choristers were present.

Mr. Charles Halle closed his interesting series of Chamber Concerts at Prince's Hall last Saturday afternoon, with a substantial programme.

Mr. W. G. Cusins's morning concert took place at St. James's Hall, on Monday, when his overture to "Love's Labour Lost" and his pianoforte concerto in A minor, played by himself, were important features in an interesting concert that included vocal performances by Madame Albani, Madame Scalchi, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Del Puente, and Mr. Santley; and some skilful violin playing by Señor Albertini. An efficient orchestra was engaged. The musical programme was varied by a recitation by Mrs. Kendal.

The third of Mr. Ambrose Austin's Patti concerts at the Royal Albert Hall took place last Saturday afternoon, when the programme was of a similar nature to those of the preceding occasions. Madame Adelina Patti contributed several effective performances, as did other vocalists; and an efficient orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins. Signor Albertini made his first appearance here, and created a favourable impression as a solo violinist.

Mr. Charles Wade (an esteemed vocalist) gave a morning concert on Monday, at Prince's Hall, with a varied programme.

Madame Edith Wynne's concert took place at Steinway Hall, on Thursday evening, with an attractive programme.

The Royal College of Music announced, during this week, a repetition of the performance of Cherubini's opera "The Water-Carrier" by the students of the institution; representatives of India and the Colonies having been invited on the occasion.

"Florian," a grand opera, composed by Miss Ida Walter, is to be performed at the Novelty Theatre next Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Madame Adelina Patti has promised her gratuitous assistance at a performance of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," to be given, for the benefit of Mr. J. H. Mapleson, at Drury-Lane Theatre, next Thursday, when Madame Patti will appear as Rosina.

The Bayreuth Festival Plays are to be resumed this year, beginning on July 23 with Wagner's "Parsifal"; this and his "Tristan und Isolde" being announced for several representations up to and including Aug. 20.

The Duke of Westminster presided last Saturday at the annual general meeting of the Corporation of the Royal College of Music. The report stated that the number of paying students was increasing, 150 being on the books at the end of April. A higher standard of excellence than previously had been shown at the recent examination for scholarships. The report and accounts were adopted, and hopes were expressed that an increased amount of annual subscriptions would be forthcoming.

At the competition for the Parepa Rosa gold medal at the Royal Academy of Music, there were twenty-four candidates, and the medal was awarded to Blanche Murray.

The forty-second performance of the Musical Artists' Society will take place this (Saturday) evening at Willis's Rooms.

Mr. John Templeton, "Madame Malibran's Tenor," and renowned as a Scottish vocalist, died last week, at his residence, Tempé Villa, New Hampton, at the ripe age of eighty-four. For many years he was the leading tenor on the English stage, having also excelled as a singer of ballads, especially those of his own nationality. His voice was of beautiful quality, the falsetto having been scarcely distinguishable from the chest voice.

"Hygiene of the Vocal Organs" is the title of a work by Dr. Morell Mackenzie, published by Macmillan and Co. It is a practical handbook for singers and speakers, containing much useful and valuable information for both classes. Eight chapters are devoted to remarks on the nature of the vocal organs, their physiological structure, and their adaptability to the purposes of song and speech. Pictorial and musical illustrations are given, and the book will be found worthy the attention of those for whom it is intended, both teachers and pupils.

Next Monday afternoon there will be a musical and dramatic entertainment at St. George's Hall for the benefit of the Society for the General Welfare of the Blind. The dramatic fare will consist of "A Clerical Error," by permission of Mr. Wilson Barrett.

The annual fancy bazaar in support of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation was opened in the Kensington Townhall on Tuesday afternoon by Lady Mary Carr Glyn, in the unavoidable absence of Princess Frederica of Hanover. Archdeacon Farrar dwelt upon the excellence of the cause they were called upon to support; and the Bishop of Oxford bore testimony, as the representative of some 800 clergy in a country diocese, to the good done by the society. The bazaar presented a very pleasant appearance, the stalls being under the charge of ladies from the poorer districts of the parish of Kensington. Very attractive entertainments were also provided, at which many well-known artists appeared. The bazaar continued open on Wednesday.

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

The virtual leaders of the Conservative Party are wise in their generation. No sooner had the tide of success set in for the Conservatives at the commencement of the General Election than the Marquis of Salisbury hastened from England to refresh himself with the waters of Auvergne, and Lord Randolph Churchill showed his philosophy by starting on a holiday trip to Norway. An excellent preparation for the political task that may be before them! The cool brains required to tackle the Irish problem sagaciously are more likely to be obtained under the calm skies of France and Norway than in the burning heat of our closely contested elections. Who knows that, "far from the madding crowd," a policy of conciliatory compromise may not yet be devised?

The suggestion we have from time to time thrown out, repeating it as recently as last week, that the Liberal and Conservative leaders might well co-operate in friendly conference for the settlement of the vexed question of local self-government in Ireland, was adopted as its own by an afternoon paper on Tuesday. Mr. Gladstone, on his part, should favour this mode of procedure, inasmuch as the right hon. gentleman on the 20th of December last wrote from Hawarden Castle to Mr. A. J. Balfour a most important letter, the principal passages of which we quote:—

My dear Balfour,—On reflection I think that what I said to you in our conversation at Eaton may have amounted to the conveyance of a hope that the Government would take a strong and early decision on the Irish question. For I spoke of the stir in men's minds and of the urgency of this matter, to both of which every day's post brings me new testimony.

This being so, I wish, under the very peculiar circumstances of the case, to go a step further and say that I think it will be a public calamity if this great subject should fall into the lines of party conflict.

I feel sure the question can only be dealt with by a Government, and I desire specially, on grounds of public policy, that it should be dealt with by the present Government. If, therefore, they bring in a proposal for settling the whole question of the future government of Ireland, my desire will be, reserving, of course, necessary freedom—to treat it in the same spirit in which I have endeavoured to proceed in respect to Afghanistan and with respect to the Balkan Peninsula. You are at liberty, if you think it desirable, to mention this to Lord Salisbury.

"Many things have happened since then," but nothing which should prevent Mr. Gladstone, in the event of his being again relegated to the cool shade of opposition, from once more offering the olive-branch with the view of removing the Irish Question from "the lines of Party conflict," in order to arrive at a settlement which shall give general satisfaction.

Throwing their weight into the scale in favour of the "Union" policy of which the Marquis of Hartington has made himself the energetic and determined but ever-courteous leading advocate, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and Birmingham have indubitably greatly influenced the opinion of the country with regard to the issue of Home Rule. Nothing could have been more formidable, by reason of its clearness and characteristic force, than Mr. Bright's scathing attack on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Home Rule and Land Purchase Bills, in the Birmingham Townhall, on Thursday week. In trenchant language, Mr. Bright expressed the hope "that this stupendous injustice and blunder will fail." "I sympathise with Ireland (Mr. Bright added), with all her people, North and South, Protestants and Catholics alike; and I will never consent to surrender them to a Parliamentary party from Ireland, one half of whom have the dollars in their pockets subscribed by the enemies of England in the United States." Mr. Bright's alternative plan was hardly adequate. He might send measures up for consideration and revision to the proposed Irish Committee-room in the House of Commons. But, in the case of a new Coercion Bill, would he ever see it back for the third reading? Be that as it may, it would be idle to under-estimate the effect of Mr. Bright's anti-Home Rule philippic. Holding such views, the only wonder is Mr. Bright did not do the country the service to place his arguments frankly before Parliament during the debates. Returned with Mr. Chamberlain, unopposed, Mr. Bright had also the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Jesse Collings triumphantly elected for the Bordesley division—a satisfaction qualified to some extent, it may be, by the choice of the Conservative, Mr. Henry Matthews, in another part of Birmingham. It is one of the curious features of this very peculiar election (which finds Radicals, Whigs, and Conservatives voting together for what Mr. Gladstone terms the "Paper Union") that Mr. Bright's second son, Mr. W. Leatham Bright, re-elected for Stoke-on-Trent, supports the principle of the late Ministerial measure for "the better government of Ireland."

In the new Parliament will be seen most of the old, familiar faces. Mr. Gladstone (who appears to have turned Hawarden Castle into a postal telegraph office during the past week) was not only reelected, without opposition, for Midlothian, but at the eleventh hour was also returned for Leith in the place of Mr. Jacks, whose disagreement with the Ministerial plans had given dissatisfaction. The Prime Minister has not concealed his satisfaction at the choice of Dr. R. Wallace for East Edinburgh in preference to Mr. Goschen, who was rejected by a majority of 1441 (3694 against 2263). In South Edinburgh Mr. Childers was returned by a majority of 1582 over the Unionist candidate, Mr. R. Purvis; and Central Edinburgh preferred the Ministerialist, Mr. W. M'Ewan, to Mr. J. Wilson, the old member who had espoused the "Union"; but, on the other hand, the Unionist member for West Edinburgh, Mr. T. R. Buchanan, successfully defended his seat against the attack of Mr. R. Wallace. The voice of Glasgow was more divided. Against the three Ministerialists—Mr. E. R. Russell, Mr. H. Watt, and Dr. C. Cameron—re-elected in company with Mr. A. D. Provand, must be ranged Mr. J. G. A. Baird (Conservative) and Mr. J. Caldwell and Mr. A. C. Corbett ("Liberal Unionists"). To the same denomination belongs Mr. T. Sutherland, re-elected for Greenock by a majority of 697 over the Gladstonite, Mr. H. Wright.

In London Mr. W. H. Smith led the van of Conservative successes. The right hon. gentleman easily vanquished Mr. Hilary Skinner. With similar ease did Lord Randolph Churchill beat his courageous Liberal antagonist, Mr. Page Hopps, in South Paddington; Mr. L. L. Cohen being again chosen as his Conservative colleague for North Paddington. In Chelsea, Sir Charles Dilke had at length to succumb to Mr. Charles A. Whitmore, the genial and gentle Conservative, who defeated the right hon. Baronet by a majority of 176 (4304 to 4128). Sir Charles Russell, the eloquent Attorney-General, on the other hand, once again defeated his clever and persevering Conservative opponent, Mr. Charles Darling, Q.C. (who is admirably fitted for a Parliamentary career), in South Hackney; the two other divisions of Hackney having their revenge by returning Conservatives, Sir Lewis Pelly and Sir W. Guyer Hunter. The Conservative colours were also borne triumphantly by Lord Charles Beresford at Marylebone-East, by Mr. Seager Hunt in West Marylebone; by the Hon. W. Cochrane-Baillie, who this time worsted Mr. T. H. Bolton in North St. Pancras; and by Mr. R. G. Webster, who defeated Mr. Thomas Eccleston Gibb by 501 majority in East St. Pancras. In the two remaining divisions of St. Pancras, Mr. Harry L. Webster Lawson,

Ministerialist, made good his position against Mr. H. R. Graham in the West; and in the South, Sir Julian Goldsmid (L.U.), much to the chagrin of Mr. Blundell Maple, whom he caught napping, secured more than a thousand majority over Mr. Edmond J. Beale. Gallant Colonel Duncan (C.) maintained his seat in Holborn against the assaults of the daring Indian Radical, the Hon. B. Naoroji. The Conservative wave, or Liberal abstentions from voting, will, in the metropolis, also have swept into the new Parliament Mr. Richard Chamberlain in Islington West; Mr. W. H. Fisher, again reelected in preference to Mr. G. W. Russell at Fulham; Sir A. Rollit in lieu of Mr. H. Spicer in Islington South; Sir Algernon Borthwick in South, and Sir Roper Lethbridge in North Kensington; Major-General C. Fraser in North Lambeth; and Mr. C. T. Ritchie once again for the Tower Hamlets; not to enumerate the many other Conservative victories in town.

Ministerialists, struggling amid this Conservative tide of victory, took courage when Newcastle-on-Tyne returned Mr. John Morley and his fellow Gladstonian candidate, Mr. J. Craig, by considerable majorities over such formidable antagonists as Sir William Armstrong and Sir Matthew White Ridley; when Sheffield proved true to Mr. Mundella, although Mr. Howard Vincent and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett were re-elected at the same time; and when Mr. Shaw Lefevre was returned for Central Bradford. Ministers had need of some encouragement to steel them against the numerous Conservative and "Liberal Unionist" successes pretty nearly "all along the line." But what will they do with their victory, if it is made certain? It may be safely answered that no wiser course could be followed than the one recommended at the commencement of this article.

The annual night fête of the Royal Botanic Society, held last week in the society's grounds, Regent's Park, was so successful that it was resolved to hold another on Wednesday in this week, to which the "executive" were invited. On both occasions the show of flowers was remarkably fine, but the ever-shifting gay parterres of living flowers were the chief charm. The grounds were brilliantly and tastefully illuminated, the lake being flooded with light; the conservatories and great part of the grounds were lighted with Clarke's "fairy lamps," for which the patentee has received the society's special first-class gold medal. Military bands were in attendance.

The great annual show of cut roses, held under the auspices of the National Rose Society, was opened on Tuesday afternoon, in the Conservatory of the Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington. The show was of unusual dimensions and excellence. Mr. B. R. Cant, of Colchester, again heads the prize-list, and obtains for the fifth time the silver Challenge Trophy, presented by amateurs to the best exhibitor in the nurserymen class, besides several first prizes. The Rev. J. H. Pemberton is the winner of the Challenge Trophy awarded by nurserymen for the best amateur exhibits, and of two silver medals. First prizes are taken by Mr. G. Prince, Messrs. Curtis, Sanford, and Co., Mr. George Mount, Mr. J. Mattock, Earl Stanhope, Mr. J. Grant, the Rev. Dr. King, Mr. A. J. Waterlow, Mr. J. Brown, Mr. E. Claxton, Messrs. Paul and Sons (who received the Challenge Trophy two years ago), Messrs. Keynes, Williams, and Co., Mr. H. Bennett, and numerous other professional and amateur exhibitors.

Several well-organised and most successful entertainments have recently taken place, as noted in our last week's issue, in the way of welcoming to Old England our brothers of Greater Britain, their success being largely due to the good management of Sir Arthur Hodgson, heartily supported as he was by the co-operation of the citizens of every town he visited. Arrangements have been made by the Reception Committee for tours and entertainments on behalf of our Colonial and Indian visitors during the current month. Besides the entertainment given to our visitors by the Queen on Monday, as recorded in another column, the Earl and Countess of Derby received the Commissioners and other representatives of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition last Saturday night at Derby House, St. James's-square; and a party consisting of 150 of the Commissioners and other distinguished officials connected with the Exhibition were to visit Cambridge yesterday.

Mr. G. Baldwin Brown, Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh, has produced a book of great interest to archeological architects, entitled *From Schola to Cathedral*; the principal object of which is to propound a new theory regarding the origin of the apse. It also includes a consideration of theories of the derivation of the Basilica as a Christian church and its development into the cathedral. The usually accepted theory is that the Christian Basilica is a copy of the older Roman Basilica, of which the apse was assumed to be an important feature, as it was supposed that the judge sat there in the administration of justice. Mr. Baldwin Brown thinks, although the Basilicas were adapted to the purposes of Christian worship, that there had been, in the earlier days of the young Church, and before it had become strong and powerful, smaller and less pretentious places of meeting. The main part of the new theory is, that there were a class of structures called *schola*, or *curiae*, which were used by guilds and various fraternities as the place of meeting. Clubs and societies met in these buildings. At first the small bodies of the early Christians, perhaps under cover of being burial societies, utilised these *schola* as well as the catacombs. Closely allied to the *schola* were the *cella*, erected in cemeteries for the performance of funeral rites. The Romans had such places, for ceremonies relating to the dead, before the Christians appeared; and the Christians continued the use of these *cella*, which, in the case of martyrs, became "memorial chapels." Eusebius quotes a writer of the second century, who says that at his time the "trophies," or memorial chapels, of the Martyrs Peter and Paul were to be seen on the Vatican Hill and on the road to Ostia. These structures had the apse, which was the monument over the grave, with a rectangular chapel or nave in front, for the ceremonial rites. De Rossi has discovered one of these in the cemetery of S. Callista, in which there are three semicircular apses arranged in a trefoil form. He also discovered another *schola* near the ancient catacomb of Domitilla, which he describes as "a vast triclinium for a large number of guests—in a word, a *schola* *sodalium* similar to those of the Pagan brotherhoods, instituted for purposes of burial." These were the earliest Christian churches above ground, and the *schola* was thus the first type of the house of prayer. There seems to be some doubt as to whether the apse was an essential feature of the pre-Christian basilica; here, much as is yet doubtful, and requires further investigation. Mr. Baldwin Brown shows at least how, in the Christian Basilica, most important changes were made from the older type, so that the apse could be properly seen, and become the central point to which all eyes naturally turn in the church. Some of the questions dealt with in this book may be looked upon as being fairly established: but the writer modestly puts it that more knowledge and inquiry would be desirable.

KENNEL CLUB DOG SHOW AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

The Kennel Club's twenty-seventh exhibition of dogs was held at the Royal Aquarium on June 29 and three following days. In point of numbers and quality it was a great success, though it might certainly have been better attended. Two causes might be supposed—one being the very hot weather, the other that the public generally were not aware that one shilling was the sole charge to both the building and dog show. This we think a step in the right direction, and will, no doubt, tend hereafter to increase the number of visitors on future occasions.

We have chosen some of the most distinct types for our illustrations. The first is the Japanese spaniel, Moe, belonging to Mrs. Lindsay Hogg, a bright lively little animal, in form of head much resembling our English toy spaniel, though showing more quickness of action, a quality sadly wanting in some of the English breeds. The Maltese lion-dog, Floss III., was a truly beautiful specimen, very fine in the texture of its coat, and shown in excellent condition, as was also the second prize animal sent by the same exhibitor. The curious little nutmeg-coloured dog, shown in a glass case, is called a "monkey-pinch"; but why we are at a loss to understand. In these hot days and nights one would have thought the little thing was not so cold as to need the aid of glass to sustain life and health. A beautiful specimen of the bloodhound was Jaff, the property of Mrs. Danger; and it was most lovingly attended by its owner, who seldom or never left it during the day, and took it away at night. Well and worthily it won its honourable position. We have next to notice Mr. Raper's well-known champion bulldog, Rustic King—a grand dog, a champion among champions. He is a noted winner, having not only won on the present occasion, but claiming the further honour of first prize and 50 gs., and the challenge cup at the Crystal Palace twice, and the first prize and cup at Birmingham twice, and the first prize and challenge cup of the Bull-Dog Club in November, 1880. Mr. Cousens' bloodhound, Cromwell, was, to our mind, a fine specimen, though somewhat out of condition. Captain Graham's Irish wolfhound proved to a certainty that the breed still exists, though some years ago it was supposed to have become extinct. The bristly character of the hair is quite contrary to that of the Scotch deerhound, of which fine and useful breed Mr. Chaworth Musters' Angus was a fine example. Of Great Danes, Mr. Reginald Herbert's Viking was the greatest, and deservedly took the first prize in a strong class. This breed seems to bid fair to become very fashionable, though at present they are sadly, and we think stupidly and wrongfully, disfigured by the cropping of their ears. This is a practice that ought to be at once put a stop to by the club, as it answers no wise purpose, and is certain to call forth remarks to the disparagement of the breed, and not pleasant to the owners. Mr. Chapman's St. Bernard was one of the grandest dogs in the show; a great winner at other places, with eleven or twelve cups and challenge cups, which are but a small portion of his winnings—a lazy, massive, splendid-headed dog, whom to see was to admire, and, we may add, to covet. The Newfoundlands, Admiral Drake and Hanlan, showed the breed at its best, though possibly the black and white dog might be considered by some to be just a little long in the leg. Yet this is perhaps a matter of fancy. And last, but not least deserving of praise, was Mr. Dockrell's sheep-dog or collie, Champion Dublin Scott, a marvel of beauty, a champion, a just prize, and an extraordinary dog. It would be almost impossible to find a better; fine in quality and limb, and good in coat and colour. Truly his owner is to be envied. The hot weather was not propitious to taking the portraits of the dogs, as they in many cases absolutely refused to stand to be taken, so some of the best are reserved for a future occasion, and it is to be hoped a cooler temperature. Altogether, we must congratulate the Kennel Club on the evenness and excellence of its show; and the Aquarium authorities on the way in which they met all the requirements of a show so large and requiring so much space.

An excellent Jubilee Number has been issued by the management of the *Lady's Pictorial*. Prefaced with page portraits of the Queen in 1837 and in 1886, the number contains a profusely illustrated record of the chief events in her Majesty's life and reign, printed in purple ink, each page inclosed in a gold border. Given with this number is a large engraving, "The Coronation Oath," from the painting by Sir G. Hayter, reproduced by permission of Messrs. Graves and Co. This Jubilee Number is inclosed in an elegant cover, and its price is one shilling.

The Registrar-General reports that 2437 births and 1258 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 244, and the deaths 228 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 42 from measles, 6 from scarlet fever, 9 from diphtheria, 34 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 6 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 43 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 1 from simple cholera, and not one from small-pox. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 184 and 194 in the two preceding weeks, further rose last week to 197, but were 23 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths.

A new volume of the "Eminent Women" series, edited by Mr. J. H. Ingram, and published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co., is devoted to the mother of those modern apostles of pure Christianity, John and Charles Wesley. The author of this biography, Mrs. Eliza Clarke, is an accomplished writer, and has, though she does not approach the subject from a sectarian point of view, enjoyed the advantage of much intercourse with persons who knew the Wesley family, by whom, and by the Rev. J. G. Stevenson, compiler of their "memorials," she was assisted in the present work. Susanna Wesley, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Annesley, was born in 1669, and became the wife of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where, and at Wroote, not far distant, her more celebrated sons were born, with many other children. This estimable Christian gentlewoman, who died in 1742, lies buried in the Bunhill-fields Cemetery; and few of her sex in the last century are more deserving of honoured remembrance. While her domestic life is an interesting example of the habits and manners of good country-folk in that age, and instructive to all English wives and mothers, her ideas and intelligence, with the lively interest that she took in social, religious, and political affairs, expressed in many of her letters, throw much light on the condition of England at the time. It is evident that the genius and character of the great founder of Methodism, and perhaps also of his brother, who should rank high as a lyrical and devotional poet, were chiefly inherited from their maternal parent. Mrs. Clarke's account of this admirable lady will be acceptable to many readers outside the Wesleyan pale, and will find favour, we trust, in country parsonages like that where Mrs. Wesley dwelt, and among some of those who cherish the traditions of the Established Church.



1. Mrs. Lindsay Hogg's Japanese Spaniel, Moe.
 2. Mr. C. Pettit's Maltese Lion, Floss III.
 3. Mr. F. Fricker's Monkey Pincher, Mares.
 4. Mrs. A. Danger's Bloodhound (bitch), Jaff.
 5. Mr. G. Raper's Bulldog, Rustic King.
 6. Mr. F. W. Cousens' Bloodhound, Cromwell.
 7. Capt. G. A. Graham's Irish Wolfhound, Sheelah.
 8. Mr. H. Chaworth Musters' Deerhound, Angus.
 9. Mr. R. Reginald Herbert's Great Dane, Viking.
 10. Mr. H. R. Chapman's St. Bernard, Plinlimmon.
 11. Mr. E. Nicholls' Newfoundland, Admiral Drake.
 12. Mr. H. R. Farquharson's Newfoundland, Hanlan.
 13. Mr. R. Dockrell's Sheep-dog Champion, Dublin Scott.

PETROLEUM OIL
WELLS AT BAKU.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, has already described the extensive operations at Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian, where Messrs. Nobel Brothers carry on the production of vast quantities of petroleum oil, from the immense natural supply in that region. The subject of our present Illustration is that of the railway trucks employed specially for the conveyance of the oil into Russia, and to all the principal towns of that wide country. The distant position of Baku made this a difficult undertaking. The oil is first sent in steamers to Astrakan: but at the mouth of the Volga, a transhipment into barges has to take place. Some of the oil is sent on by the river, but the greater part is transported by railway. Trucks of a peculiar form have been made for this purpose, and are now to be seen at all the principal railway stations of Russia. Nobel Brothers have a fleet of iron screw-steamers, fitted up with tanks, which carry the oil to the Volga, with barges carrying it on to Tzaritsin. At that town they have a large dépôt from



THE PETROLEUM OIL WORKS OF BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN: RAILWAY TRUCKS FOR OIL.

which they send the oil by rail to dépôts in all the principal towns. By these means they supply now the whole of Russia, and have begun to extend the supply into Germany and other parts of Europe.

STATUES FOUND
ON THE ACROPOLIS
OF ATHENS.

The Director-General of Antiquities under the Greek Government, Mr. P. Cavvadias, in a recent publication of "The Museums of Athens," in the modern Greek, German, French, and English languages, illustrated with fine photographs (edited by Dr. K. Rhomaides, of Athens), gives an account of the recent excavations on the Acropolis. These excavations, carried on by Mr. Cavvadias at the expense of the Hellenic Archaeological Society, were commenced in November last year, and extended from the north-east side of the Propylaea to the Erechtheum. Their most important result was the discovery, on Feb. 5 and Feb. 6, of fourteen archaic statues, mostly of females, at a depth from 10 ft. to 14 ft. 6 in. below the present surface of the ground. We



ARCHAIC STATUES LATELY DISCOVERED ON THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

have copied, in cut: Engravings, the photographs of six of these statues, which, when entire, would have been 7 ft. high. They represent erect female figures, all in a similar attitude; each draped in the chiton and the himation falling to the feet, the latter garment being slightly raised by the left hand. The right hand of each seems to have been extended from the elbow, and to have held an apple or pomegranate, some fragments of which have been found. The hair is arranged in long curls, falling in front and down the back, confined by a diadem generally in the form of rays, which is ornamented with a painted palmette, or occasionally with a meander. There is a large upright bar of bronze fixed in the top of the head of each statue, just in the centre of the skull. The statues are of Parian marble, but were painted or coloured, with red, blue, green, and light grey, in some parts of the drapery and the naked limbs, the hair, and the eyes; but in one statue, the eyes were of a kind of crystal, put in. It is conjectured that the bronze bar in the top of the head supported a kind of umbrella, to protect the painted statues from the rain and sun, and to preserve their rich colouring. The statues were not formed each of one piece of marble, but each was composed of several pieces; the feet and lower part of the legs, the outstretched part of the right arm, sometimes also the head, were fastened to the main part of the figure; this was done by a sort of tenon-and-mortise worked in the opposite surfaces of the marble, and smeared with lime. Some variations are perceived between the figures, not so much in the drapery of the garments as in the features and expression of the faces, in the eyes and lips: but they have, more or less, a typical smile. It is thought they may have represented priestesses of Athene. They were found in a deposit of common stones, architectural fragments, pedestals, bits of sculpture, heads and feet, stones bearing inscriptions, potsherds, and rubbish, which commences a little above the foundation-stones of the Acropolis wall, and which reaches down to the rock. This deposit consists of three strata, laid one above another, but separated from each other by rubbish from the masonry of the wall. It is inferred that the stones were deposited there at the time the wall was built, which was done by the Athenians, after the Persian War. None of the statues, the inscriptions, or the architectural fragments in this deposit can be of later date than that event. We may suppose that, when the Persians forced their way into the Acropolis, and burned the Temple of Athene, they demolished the statues, throwing them from their pedestals, and smashing or knocking off their heads, hands, and feet. The Athenians, on their return, might collect the fragments, the broken statues, the inscribed and other stones, all the remains of the demolished temple, which were useless for the new one; they may then have deposited all these matters on the ground, in successive layers, to raise and level the surface of the Acropolis for the grander edifices which they designed to construct. The inscriptions mention the names of six artists or sculptors, one being Antenor, the son of Eumenes, whose statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, the slayers of the tyrants, were carried away by Xerxes into Asia, but were restored to Athens by Alexander or his successors.

ART BOOKS.

In her sumptuous volume, *Needlework as Art* (Sampson Low and Co.), Lady Marion Alford takes a wide range, and reviews the art, from the bone needles found among the relics of the Cavemen, and used for drawing together, with more or less artistic taste, the skins of slain beasts, down to the revival of the art in its most elaborate development, under Royal patronage, at South Kensington. Covering so wide a field, it would be strange if parts of the book were not a little bald and unsatisfactory. This is especially the case in the chapters on "Design" and "Style," which in many places read like notes on the subject copied from a commonplace-book. Here and there, too, repetitions and diffusiveness strike the reader; but these are faults scarcely worth noticing in a book in which there is so much to recommend. A long and interesting chapter on Ecclesiastical Embroidery is illustrated by some unacknowledged examples from specimens not readily accessible to the general public; but few, perhaps, can rival that known as Charlemagne's "Dalmatic," preserved in the Vatican. The book is profusely illustrated with specimens from far and near, both elaborate and simple, and that these really throw light upon the text may be seen in the interesting and instructive chapter on Patterns, where the growth of an idea, from its first conception, probably as a religious symbol—as, for instance, the Tree of Life—through its many transformations to its purely conventional and decorative use as the honeysuckle pattern, or the pine pattern of shawls made at Paisley and elsewhere. As befits one who writes on needlework as art, Lady M. Alford insists much on the superiority of the needle over the loom or machine—in that, unconsciously, decision or indecision, stupidity or intelligence, in fact the individuality of the worker, must show itself in the work, the very defects of even the most careful copy of a design rendering it all the more interesting. It must, however, be kept in view that the book is not written to convey instruction in the art of needlework, but to show that needlework can be raised to the dignity of Art. More than forty years ago, the Countess of Wilton produced her "Art of Needlework," which has since remained as a text-book; and it is interesting to find that another noble lady of a succeeding generation has found inclination and talent to give us, as Lady M. Alford has done, the results of fifty years' progress in the study of art.

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PART II.—Consists of three chapters, headed—Anatomy and Physiology, Hygiene and Hydrotherapy, and Materia Medica.
PART III. is on Domestic Surgery, and treats of Medical and Surgical Appliances, Dislocations and Luxations, and Fractures. Besides which there is a Glossary of Medical Terms and a Copious Index.

London: JAMES EPPS and CO., 48, Threadneedle-street; and 170, Piccadilly.

It is pleasant to come across an art handbook so readable as Mr. Leader Scott's *Sculpture* (Sampson Low and Co.), which forms the last published of an excellent series.—Mr. Scott limits himself to the history and analysis of Renaissance and modern sculpture, which may be said to have been called into life by Niccola Pisano towards the close of the thirteenth century. This remarkable artist was at once a sculptor, an engraver, and an architect. At Pisa, his native town; at Florence, Pistoia, and Cortona, we may still find traces of his great works. At Siena he founded a school, and left there a masterpiece for future generations to study. Niccola's son, Giovanni, maintained the pre-eminence of the Pisan school; but it was rather as an architect that he first acquired fame. To him we owe the fisherman's Oratory on the quay of the Arno at Pisa, and since known as "Santa Maria della Spina," and the still more celebrated "Campo Santo" of the same city. In the third generation Bernardo maintained, with some little credit, the reputation of the family; but the Pisan school was already on the decline by the middle of the fourteenth century. A long interval separates it from the rise of the Florentine sculptors under the influence of Ghiberti; and it was not until 1424 that his first bronze gates were placed on the Baptistry at Florence. But, as Mr. Scott justly observes, sculpture in Ghiberti's hands tended more and more towards pictorial art; and it was Donatello who laid the foundations of the school of severe art which culminated in Michael Angelo. Of Della Robbia, whose work was not true sculpture, but who, nevertheless, left his mark on the plastic art of the fifteenth century, Mr. Leader Scott gives a long account; and his remarks are illustrated by several good engravings. He shows, too, clearly the close connection which, during the following century, sculpture had with architecture under the influence of the brothers San Gallo, Andrea Sansovino, and of Michael Angelo himself. It was not until the time of the later Medicis that sculpture, as a separate art, had any distinguished exponents. Michael Angelo occupies a place by himself as the greatest representative of the Renaissance period; but he stood alone, and for a while seemed unlikely to leave any disciples. Under the enlightened patronage, however, of Duke Cosimo, sculpture once more revived, and its reputation was ably sustained by artists like Bandinelli, Ammannati, Cellini, and Giovanni da Bologna; but with these the history of Italian sculpture virtually closed, not to be reopened until the stonemason's son, Canova, was to revive it at the close of the eighteenth century. With Mr. Scott's enthusiastic estimate of this gifted artist's work we are unable to agree, holding it to be wanting in strength and originality; and, at the same time, we think Mr. Scott does but scanty justice to the French sculptors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The weak point, indeed, of this handy volume is the very slight recognition it makes of sculptors of other nations besides Italy; and it would have been well had Mr. Scott confined himself wholly to the consideration of the art of that country.

On the appearance of M. Maxime Collignon's "Archéologie Grecque," we had occasion to speak of the author's aim, and of the great value to students such a work must prove. We are glad, therefore, to find that, as *A Manual of Greek Archaeology*, it appears as a volume of the Fine-Art Library (Cassell and Co.), translated with no small skill by Professor L. H. Wright, of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, U.S.A. M. Collignon possesses that eminent French faculty of expressing himself with clearness, and of keeping in view the subject he discusses. We are therefore able to follow without effort his account of the origin of Greek art, to trace the development of Greek architecture, the source of the other plastic arts, from the Graeco-Pelasic monuments. The beginnings of Greek sculpture are to be found in the wooden statues of the gods, which for rudeness and hideousness differ little or nothing from the idols of the South-Sea Islanders and other uncivilised races; but the influence of Asia and the East soon called into existence those schools which brought technical knowledge to bear upon the apparently innate love of the human form, which was to be the distinctive feature of Greek art and the Greek religion. The whole course of the history of Hellenic sculpture, with its various national offshoots, is comprised in a period of about seven hundred years (B.C. 540 to A.D. 146); but long before its extinction it had passed under Roman influence, and Greek sculptors were no longer animated by those feelings and beliefs which had played so great a part in the development of their genius. M. Collignon's treatise includes chapters on Tanagra and other terra-cotta figures, on the ceramic arts of the Greeks, as shown in their painted vases; and on the coins, bronzes, and jewellery of which every year we are making fresh and more important discoveries. Professor Wright deserves to be congratulated not only upon the fluency but upon the general literalness of his translation, and the care with which he has given the authorities for many of M. Collignon's views. Mr. J. C. Sparkes might, we think, have rendered the translation more useful, as well as more interesting to English readers, had he, in the exercise of his apparently perfunctory editorship, illustrated M. Collignon's views by reference to works either at the British Museum or to the Museum of Casts at South Kensington. With the latter institution Mr. Sparkes is presumably acquainted; and, as one of its employés, he might have been expected to suggest that the museum of casts recently established there is of some practical utility.

In limiting his work to the consideration of *The Art of the Saracens in Egypt* (Chapman and Hall) Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has displayed excellent discretion, and the result is that

he has been able to deal thoroughly with his subject within the dimensions of a portable volume. The term "Saracenic" is so wide-embracing, and the acts of that remarkable people so far-reaching, that they practically include everything Oriental and mediæval between Samarcand and Seville. Mr. Lane-Poole, however, confines himself to the influence of that race in Egypt, where, within a few years of the death of Mahomet, its leaders established themselves as semi-independent rulers; and, in defiance of the precepts of the Koran, developed a love of luxury and refinement which was carried thence eastward to Delhi, and westward to the Alhambra. The history of Mohammedan domination in Egypt naturally falls into eight divisions or dynasties, of which Mr. Lane-Poole gives a lucid summary, which is by no means the least interesting part of his book. As patrons of art, two of these dynasties stand out in marked prominence—that of Tulun (A.D. 868-904), to whom we owe the mosque at Cairo which bears his name, and still preserves the design and much of the original ornament; and the dynasty of the Fatimy Khalifs (A.D. 969-1171), under whose protection the arts of the Saracens acquired a high development. In discussing the earlier history of Moslem rule, Mr. Lane-Poole shows how the capital of Egypt was shifted no less than four times before the present Cairo grew up on the site of the Fatimy Palace, which, from its size and beauty, must have realised many of the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights." But even the splendours of the Fatimy Khalifs, of which we know little but by tradition, were destined to be eclipsed by their conqueror, Saladin, and his short-lived race (A.D. 1172-1250); and even by the Mamelukes—Turkish and Circassian—who combined in a remarkable degree that passion for war and for art which has distinguished not a few Oriental nations. Into whatever they touched they seem to have thrown new and active life; the poetry of the time is marked by the tone of a complete enjoyment of existence, not limited to the favoured few who were living by extortion and the work of their slaves, but shared in by all classes of the population. Whilst the emirs and nobles had their palaces and polo-grounds, their jewellery and magnificent robes; or even carried luxury to an extreme, as in the case of one cited by Mr. Lane-Poole who had his bed laid upon quicksilver to ensure his rest, we hear that at the same time there were 50,000 donkeys in the streets of Cairo, waiting at the corners of the streets, and chiefly used for pleasure excursions to the neighbouring Pyramids. In discussing the Saracenic arts, Mr. Lane-Poole naturally gives the first place to architecture, round which the decorative arts of a home-loving people cluster. We can only feebly represent to ourselves the magnificence of the mosques and palaces, and the picturesque beauty of the shops and bazaars of Old Cairo. By the aid of the excellent wood engravings of Mr. J. D. Cooper, with which this volume is plentifully illustrated, we are able to realise a few of the beauties of Egyptian art as displayed not only in its architecture, but in its wood-carving, its metal-work, its pottery, and its jewellery. Mr. Lane-Poole, after an interesting discussion on the heretical tendencies of the Egyptian rulers, at all events in art, shows the gradual development of design in the ornamentation of their houses and utensils. Geometric patterns satisfied for a very short time their craving for something more vivacious, and arabesque ornament quickly developed itself, to be followed, under the impulse of the Mysil workmen, by the introduction of foliage, flowers, and animals. It was this Mysil work, moreover, which eventually was to convey Orientalism into European art, of which the Saracenic work of Sicily and Venice is the best known to us. We must here pause in our attempt to give even a brief epitome of Mr. Lane-Poole's most valuable addition to our store of knowledge. He has an hereditary claim to speak with authority on Egyptian subjects; whilst the useful work he has done in correcting and arranging the Eastern art treasures to be seen at the South Kensington Museum proves him to be not only an expert connoisseur, but a laborious student. His "Art of the Saracens in Egypt" cannot fail to take its place as the chief text-book on the subject; for not only does it stand alone in our own language, but it possesses a practical value to which M. Prisse D'Avesme's "L'Art Arabe" does not aspire; whilst it deals with a phase of art scarcely touched upon by MM. Chipiez and Perrot.

Two very useful little handbooks by the well-known artist Mr. H. R. Robertson have just been issued by Messrs. Winsor and Newton. They are entitled respectively, "The Art of Etching Explained and Illustrated," and "The Art of Pen-and-Ink Drawing, Commonly Called Etching." They cannot fail to be highly appreciated by the increasing numbers of artists and amateurs who desire to multiply their designs by means of the etching-needle, or who draw them on paper for reproduction by what is called "process" engraving.

A handsome stained-glass window, designed and executed by Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, has recently been placed in Brede Church, Sussex.

The Lord Mayor has received from Mr. Henry Irving a cheque for £111 1s. 9d., being the amount deposited in the collecting boxes at the London theatres, in the week preceding Hospital Sunday, for the Mansion House Fund.

The Duchess of Albany, on Saturday last, laid the corner stone of the new parish church of St. Paul's, at Hamer-smith, of which the late Duke of Albany laid the first stone of the nave in July, 1882.

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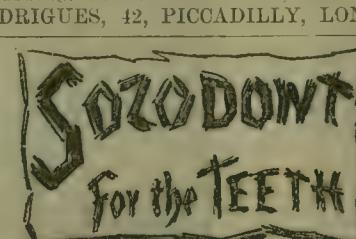
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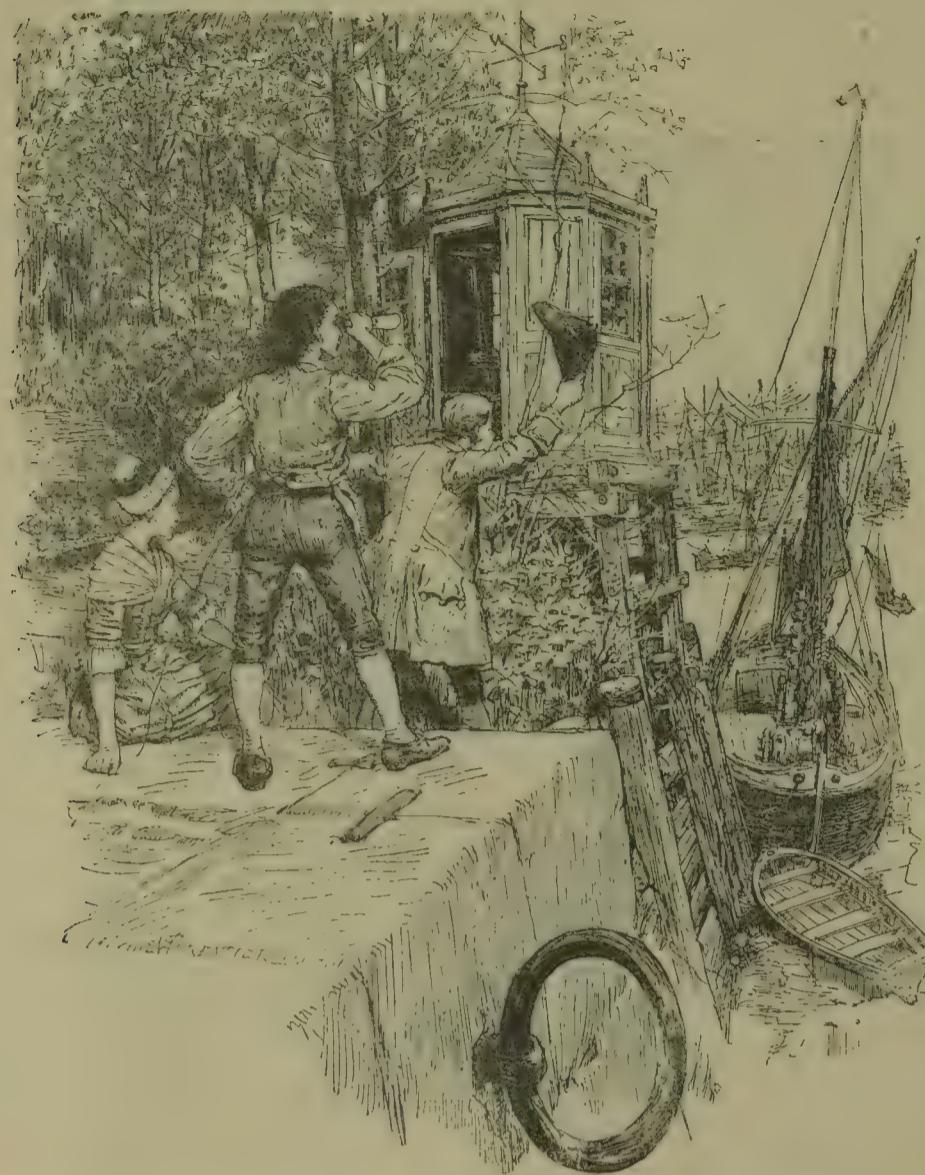
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BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBEON," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

HOW JACK CAME TO DEPTFORD.

Of these two boys, one—namely, Jack Easterbrook—was not a native born of Deptford, but of Gosport. And since it is his history that has to be related, it is well that the manner of his coming, and the nature of his early life, should be first set forth.

On a certain warm summer afternoon, in the year of grace seventeen hundred and forty-four, when I, who write this history, was but a child of seven, and Castilla six (we are now nearing three score years, and on the downward slope of life), there sat beneath the shade of a great walnut-tree, on a smooth bowling-green, two gentlemen and a lady; the former on a rustic bench of twisted and misshapen branches, or roots, and the latter in an elbow-chair. The lady, who had a small lace cap on her head and wore a laced apron, held a book in her hands; but the hands and book lay in her lap, and her eyes were closed. The two gentlemen were taking an afternoon pipe of tobacco. One of them—this was Rear-Admiral Sayer—was at this time some fifty-five years of age. He wore a blue coat with gold buttons, but it was without the famous white facings which his Majesty King George the Second afterwards commanded for the uniform of his naval officers; his right leg had been lost in action, and was replaced by a wooden leg, now stuck out straight before him, as he sat on the bench. He had also lost his left arm, and one sleeve of his coat was empty. He wore a full wig of George the First's time; his face was full, his cheeks red, and his eyebrows thick and fierce, yet his eyes were kindly. There was a scar across his forehead, which a Moorish scimitar had laid bare.

His companion wore the wig and cassock of a clergyman; he was, in fact, the Vicar of St. Paul's, Deptford. At the back of the bowling-green stood the house—of modern erection—with a pediment of stone, and pilasters, and a stone porch, very fine; on either side of the house was the garden, filled with fruit-trees and beds for vegetables. The garden was surrounded by a brick wall, older than the house, covered with lichen, stonecrop, wall-pellitory, yellow wall-flowers, and long grasses. The house and garden were protected by great iron gates, within which marched, all day long, an old negro in the Admiral's livery, and wearing a cockade, armed with a cutlass. A small carrouade stood beside the gates, for the purpose of announcing sunrise and sunset; and there was a mast, with standing gear and yards complete, at the head of which floated the Union Jack. Two children were playing with the bowls on the grass; and in a chair, so placed that the hot sunshine could fall with the greatest effect upon her face, there sat a negress, already old, a red cotton handkerchief twisted round her head, and in her lap some knitting. But Philadelphia, like her mistress, was sound asleep.

It was a sleepy afternoon. The drones and the bumble bees—“dumbledores,” we called them—buzzed lazily about the flowers; the doves cooed sleepily from the dovecot; there was a hen not far off which expressed her satisfaction with the weather, and her brood, by a continual and comfortable “took—took—took”; the great dog lay asleep at the Admiral's foot, the cat was asleep beside it; from the trees there came, now and then, the contented note of a blackbird; and the flag at the mast, which was rigged within the iron gates, hung in folds, flapping lazily in the light air. The two children played, for the most part, in silence, or else in whispers, so as not to awaken Philadelphia. The two gentlemen smoked their tobacco in silence—it was not a day for talking; besides, they saw each other nearly every day, and therefore each knew the other's sentiments, and there was no room for discussion.

Suddenly, there were heard footsteps outside, and, just as one awoke out of a dream, so all started and became in-

stantly wide awake. Madam took up her book, the Admiral straightened his back, the Vicar knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and the children ran to the gates which Cudjo, the negro, threw wide open, a grin of welcome on his lips. Then there appeared a boy, dressed in a blue coat, not made for him, and too long in the sleeves, worn and shabby, dusty with travel, with brass buttons; his knitted stockings were torn, showing his bare legs; he wore a common speckled shirt like the watermen's children; on his head was a little three-cornered hat, cocked in nautical fashion. He strutted proudly across the grass, regardless of his rags, with as much importance as if he had been a full-blown Midshipman. For my own part, I have never lost, to this day, the sense of his superiority to myself and the rest of mankind. Castilla makes the same confession. Like myself, she owns that, child as she then was, she felt her inferiority to a boy so masterful. He was at this time, and always, a singularly handsome boy—tall and big for his age, his head thrown back, his brown eyes full of fire, and his hand at all times ready to become a fist. His hair was long, and lay in curls, and untied, upon his shoulders. After him walked the negro who had brought him from Gosport, and now carried on his shoulder a box containing all the boy's worldly goods. They consisted of a toy-ship, carved for him by some sailor at Gosport; a pistol which had been his father's; his mother's Bible, a Church prayer-book, and a knife. This was all the inheritance of the poor boy. As the servant bore this precious box through the gates, he knocked the corner against the rails.

“Steady,” said the boy, turning sharply round, “steady with the kit, ye lubber!”

The First Lieutenant himself could not have admonished a man more haughtily. Then he halted, and took a leisurely observation of the scene. Presently he espied the Admiral, and, recognising in his appearance and dress something nautical—it would have been difficult to mistake the Admiral for any thing but a sailor—Jack stepped across the lawn, lugged off his hat with a duck and a bend, and said, “Come aboard, Sir. With submission and dutiful respect, Admiral.”

The Admiral laid down his pipe and leaned forward, hand on knee, his wooden leg sticking out before him.

“So,” he said, “this looks like the son of my old friend. What is thy name, child?”

“Jack Easterbrook, Sir.”

“The son of my old shipmate?”

“The same, Sir.”

“Parson,” said the Admiral, “forty-five years ago I was just such a little shaver as this, and so was his father. Hang me, if the boy isn't a sailor already. Thy father, boy, was carried off by a sunstroke, while his ship was lying in Kingston Harbour.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“In command of his Majesty's frigate, *Racehorse*, forty-four.”

“The same, Sir.”

“And thy mother, poor soul! is dead and gone too.”

“Yes, Sir,” said the boy, looking for a moment as if he would cry. But it passed. The Admiral took his stick, and rose from his chair.

“Let us,” he said, gravely, “overhaul the boy a bit. Thy father, Jack, was the best officer in his Majesty's service—the very best officer, whether for navigation or for fighting, which is the reason why they kept him back, and promoted the reptiles who crawl up the back-stairs. He was with me when I planted the Union Jack on the island of Tobago. Look me in the face, sirrah—so. A tall and proper lad. A brave and gallant lad. What shall we make of him?”

Jack's face became a lively crimson at this question. We were now all gathered round him—Castilla looking shyly, and with admiring eyes; and I, for my own part, thinking that here was the finest and bravest boy I had ever set eyes on.

“Well, now,” said the Admiral, holding the boy's chin in his hand, and looking at him steadily, “I warrant, Parson, this boy will be all for book-learning, and we must make him a scholar, eh? Then, some day, he shall rise to be a Reverend Doctor of Divinity, a Dean, or even a Bishop in lawn sleeves. What sayest thou, Jack?” Here the Admiral took his hand from the boy's chin, shut one eye, and looked mighty cunning.

Jack shook his head dolefully, and then laughed, looking up as if he knew very well that this was a joke.

“Well, well, there are other things. We can make thee a compounder of boluses, and so thou shalt ride in a coach and wear a great wig, and call thyself physician. 'Tis a fine trade, and a fat, when fevers are abroad.”

But Jack again shook his head, and laughed. This was a really fine joke, one that can be carried on a long time.

“He will not be a physician. The boy is hard to please. Well, he can, if he likes, become a lawyer, and wear a black gown; and argue a poor fellow to the gallows. Of such they make Lord Chancellors. At sea their name is *Shark*.”

“No, Sir,” said Jack with decision, because every joke hath its due limits. “No, Sir, I thank you. With submission, Sir, I cannot be a lawyer.”

“Here is a boy for you... One would think he was too good for this world. Perhaps he would like to wear his Majesty's scarlet, and follow the drum and fife, the King's curmies on land. It is as great an honour to bear the King's commission by land as by sea. It is a good service, too, when wars are going; though in times of peace there is too much disbanding by half. But a lad might do worse. Think of it, Jack!”

“Oh! Sir,” said Jack, colouring again, “I would not be a soldier.”

“Then, Jack, Jack, do thy looks belie thee? What?

Wouldst not surely choose to be a snakin' snivelling quill-driver in a merchant's office?”

“No, Sir; I would rather starve! Sir,” said Jack, his eyes flashing, “I would be a sailor, if only before the mast!”

“Why, there!” cried the Admiral, laying his hand on the boy's head. “What else could the boy be? He is salt all through. Hark ye, my lad: do thy duty and thou shalt be a sailor, as thy father was before thee. Ay, and shalt stand in good time upon thy own quarter-deck and carry thy ship into action, as bravely as thy father, or even good old Benbow himself.”

Thus came Jack to Deptford, being then nine years of age.

Some things there are—I mean not travellers' tales of one-legged men, and such as have their heads between their shoulders, and griffins and such monsters; but things which happen among ourselves and in our midst, which are so strange, that the narration of them must be supported by whatever character for truth, honesty, and soberness of mind may be possessed by the narrator, and those who pretend to have been eye-witnesses. As regards the history which follows, it is proper to explain that there is, besides myself, only one other person who knows all the particulars. Mr. Brinjes, it is true, knew them; but he has gone away long since, and must now, I think, certainly be dead. The Admiral, before his death, was told the truth, which greatly comforted him in his last moments; and I thought it right to tell all I knew to my father, who was much moved by the strangeness of the circumstances, and quoted certain passages from *Holy Writ* as regards the practice of witchcraft and magic. Perhaps the man, Aaron Fletcher, knew something of the truth, but in the end he was convicted as a notorious smuggler, and sentenced to transportation to his Majesty's plantations, where he died of a calenture, being unable to endure the excessive and scorching heat of the sun, and his spirit broken by the overseer's whip. Everybody, it is true, knows how Captain Easterbrook brought his ship home and what followed. This is a matter of notoriety. There is not a man, woman, or child but can tell you the astonishing and wonderful story, the like of which has never been in the history of the British Navy. They have even made a ballad of it, very moving, which is sung in the sailor's mug-houses not only in Deptford itself, but in Portsmouth, Woolwich, Sheerness, Chatham, and Plymouth. But to know one fact is not to know the whole history.

As for me, who design to write the truth concerning this strange history, it is well that you who read it should know that I take myself to be a person of reputable life and of sober judgment, and one who has the fear of God in his mind, and would not willingly give circulation to lying fables. My father, the Rev. Luke Anguish, Artium. Magister, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, of which society he was a Fellow, was the first Vicar of St. Paul's Church, Deptford; the new church, that is, in the upper part of the town, which was completed in the year 1736. By calling, I am a painter in oil colours; not, I dare say, a Sir Joshua Reynolds or a Gainsborough, yet of no mean repute as a painter of ships. It were unworthy of me to say more than that my pictures have met with approbation from persons of rank, and that I have been honoured by the highest patronage, even by members of the House of Lords, not to speak of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. As for the contention of Castilla, that her husband is the finest painter of ships ever known, that may be the partiality of a jealous and tender spouse. I am contented to leave the judgment of my work to those who shall follow after me. I do not paint ships upon the ocean, because I have never yet gazed upon the ocean, and know not, except from pictures, how the sea should be painted, or a ship rolling upon the sea. My subjects are ships in harbour, ships lying off Deptford Creek, ships in dock, ships in building, ships in ordinary, ships ashore, ships in the Pool, ships sailing up and down the river, and especially with the sun in the west shining on the sails, and painting all the cordage as of gold, just as happened when Jack brought home his prize; also ships lying in an autumnal fog, and great barges sunk down to an inch of freeboard with their cargoes of hay. Nothing finer can be painted, to my mind, than the picture of such a barge lying on a still and misty day, with the sun overhead like a plate of copper, the brown sails half lowered, and the ropes hanging loose.

I suppose that the best place in the world for a boy who is about to become a sailor, as well as for one who loves to paint ships, must be Deptford, which seems to many so mean and despicable a town. Mean and despicable to Jack and to myself it would never be, because here our boyhood was spent, and here we played with Castilla; here we first learned to sit by the river-side and watch the craft go up and down, with those at anchor, and those in dock. At Deptford, where the water is never rough enough to capsize a tilt-boat, we are at the very gates of London, we can actually see the Pool: we are, in a word, on the Thames.

The Thames is not, I believe, the largest river in the world, the great Oronoko is broader, and, I daresay, longer. The Nile is certainly a greater stream. Yet there is no other river which is so majestic by reason of its shipping and its trade. For hither come ships, laden with palm-oil and ivory, from the Guinea Coast; from Norway and Riga, with wood and tallow; from Holland, with stufis and spices, and provisions of all kind; from the West Indies, with rum and sugar; from the East Indies, with rice; from China, with tea and silk; from Arabia, with coffee; from Newcastle, with coal. There is no kind of merchandise produced in the world which is not carried up the Thames to the port of London. And there is no kind of ship or boat, built to swim in the sea, except, I suppose, the Chinese junk, the Morisco galley, or the piratical craft of the Eastern Seas, which does not lie at anchor in the Thames, somewhere between Greenwich Reach and London Bridge. East Indiamen, brigs, brigantines, schooners, yachts, sloops, galliots, tenders, colliers, hoyes, barges, smacks, herring-busses, or hog-boats—all are here. And not only these, which are peaceful ships, only armed with carronades and muskets for defence against pirates, but also his Majesty's men-of-war, frigates, sloops-of-war, cutters, fire-ships, and every kind of vessel employed to beat off the enemies of the country, who would prey upon our commerce, and destroy our merchantmen. On that very day when Jack came, was there not, lying off Deptford Creek, the *Redoubtable*, having received her stores, provisions, and ammunition, and now waiting her captain and her crew?—and I warrant the press-gang were busy at Wapping and at Ratcliffe. Beside her lay the sloop-of-war *Venus*, the *Pink*, and *Lively*, and, off the dock-mouth, was the *Hector*, lying in ordinary, a broad canvas tilt or awning rigged up from stem to stern. So that those who look up and down the river from Deptford Stairs see not only the outward and visible proofs of England's trade, but also those of England's greatness. Or, again—which may be useful to the painter—one may see not only at Deptford and at Redriff, but above the river, at Wapping, Shadwell, and Blackwall, every kind of sailor; they are mostly alike in manners and in morals, and one hopes that to sailors much is pardoned, and that from them little is expected; but they differ in their speech and in their dress.

There is the phlegmatic Hollander, never without his pipe; the mild Norwegian; the fiery Spaniard, ready with his dagger; the fierce Italian, equally ready with his knife; the treacherous Greek; and the Frenchman. But the last we generally see—since it is our lot to be often at war with his nation—as a prisoner, when he comes to us half-starved, ragged, and in very evil plight. Yet, give these poor French prisoners only warmth, light, and food, and they will turn out to be most light-hearted and merry blades, always cheerful and ready to talk, sing, and dance, and always making ingenious things with a knife and a piece of wood. Perhaps, if we knew things with a knife and a piece of wood. Perhaps, if we knew these people better, and they knew us better, we should be less ready to go to war with each other.

Those who live in such a town as Deptford, and continually witness this procession of ships, cannot choose but be sensible of the greatness of the country, and must perform talk continually with each other of foreign ports and places beyond the ocean. Also because they witness the coming and going of the King's ships (some of them pretty well battered on their return, I promise you); and because they hear, all day long, and never ending, save on Sunday, the sound of hammer and of saw, the whistling of the bo'sns and foremen, the rolling of casks, the ringing of bells, and all the noise which accompanies the building and the fitting of ships; and smell perpetually the tar and the pitch (which some love better than the smell of roses and of violets), they cannot refrain from talking continually of actions at sea, feats of bravery, and the like. All the townspeople talk of these things, and of little else. And, besides, in these years there was the more reason for this kind of conversation, because we were always at war with France and Spain; fighting, among other things, to drive the French out of America, and so to enable the ungrateful colonies to make us, shortly afterwards, follow the lead of the French. Every day there came fresh news of actions, skirmishes, captures, wrecks, burnings. The Channel and the Bay of Biscay swarmed with French privateers as thick as wasps in an orchard. There was not a lugger on the coast of Normandy but stole out of a night to pick up some English craft; every fleet of merchantmen sailed under convoy, and every sailor looked for death or a French prison unless he would fight it out unto the end.

The people of London are strangely incurious—many there are who know nothing about the very monuments standing in their midst—and so that they can read every day the news from France and Spain, they care little about their own country. Therefore Deptford, which lies at their very gates, is as little known to them as if it were in Wales. Some, it is true, come every year on St. Luke's Day, to join the rabble at Horn Fair, landing at Rotherhithe and walking to Charlton with the procession of mad wags who carry horns on their heads to that scene of debauchery and riot; and once a year, on Trinity Monday, the elders of the Trinity House assemble at the Great Hall behind St. Nicolas', and after business go to church, and after church dinner at the Gun Tavern on the Green. And the ships of the Royal Navy come and go at the Royal Yard almost daily. Some, again, and those fine ladies, come to Barnes-alley, where they can buy the run tea, at ten shillings a pound, of the smugglers who swarm in that evil-smelling street. Otherwise Deptford hath few visitors. I do not say that it is a beautiful city, though, as for streets, we have the Green and Church-street; and as for monuments, until late years there were the great House and gardens of Saye's Court, now lying desolate and miserable, partly inclosed in the King's Yard and partly given over to rank weeds and puddles. Here it was that the great Peter, Czar of Muscovy, once lived. There are also the two churches of St. Nicolas and St. Paul, both stately buildings, and temples fit for worship, the latter especially, which is like its sister churches, built about the same time, of Limehouse, St. George's, Ratcliffe, Hoxton, Bethnal-green, Hackney, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Camden Town, and others—majestic with its vast round portico of stone and its commanding terrace. Then there are the two hospitals or almshouses, both named after the Holy Trinity, for decayed mariners and their widows. To my own mind these monuments of benevolence, which stand so thickly all round London, are fairer than the most magnificent King's Palace of which we can read. Let the Great Bashaw have as many gilded palaces as he pleases for himself and his seraglio; let our palaces be those which are worthy of a free people—namely, homes and places of refuge for the aged and deserving poor, and those who are quite spent and now past work.

I suppose there are few places richer and more fortunate than Deptford and its neighbour, Greenwich, in these foundations. At the latter place, there is the great and noble Naval Hospital, now inhabited by nearly two thousand honest veterans—they will never, be sure, be turned out of this, their stately home, until England hath lost her pride in her sailors. There is Morden College for decayed merchants; there is Norfolk, also called Trinity, College, for the poor of Greenwich, and of Dersingham; in Norfolk; and there is Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, for poor women. So, at Deptford, we have those two noble foundations, both named after the Holy Trinity, one behind St. Nicolas', and the other behind St. Paul's, the latter especially being a goodly structure, with a fair quadrangular court, a commodious hall, and gardens fitted for quiet meditation and for rest in the sunshine during the latest trembling years of life. I do not think that even Morden College itself, with its canal in front, and its stately alleys of trees; or Norfolk College, with its convenient stone terrace overlooking the river, and its spacious garden, is more beautiful than the Hospital of the Holy Trinity beside St. Paul's Church, Deptford, especially if one considers the stormy, anxious, and harassed lives to which it offers rest and repose. They have been lives spent on the sea: not in the pursuit of honour won at the cannon's mouth and by boarding-pike in fighting the King's enemies, but in the gathering of wealth, for others to enjoy, none of their gains coming to themselves. The merchant captain brings home his cargo safe after perils many and hardships great; but the cargo is not for him. His owners, or those who have chartered the ship, receive the freight; it is bought with their money and sold for their profit. For the captain and the crew there is their bare wage, and when they can work no longer, perhaps, if they are fortunate, a room in a hospital or almshouse, with the weekly dole of loaves and shillings.

The tract of land (it is not great) lying at the back of Trinity Alms-houses and the Stowage, contained by the last bend of the Creek before it runs into the river, is rented by two or three market-gardeners, and laid out by them for the production of fruit and vegetables.

As these gardens lay retired and behind the houses, no one ever came to them except the gardeners themselves, who are quiet peaceful folk. About the orchards here and the beds of asparagus, peas, endive, skirrett, and the rest of the vegetables grown for the London market, lies an abiding sense of peace; and this, although one cannot but hear the continual hammering of the dockyard, the firing of salutes, and the yowling and roaring of voices which a day long come up from the ships upon the river. I know not how we came to know these gardens, or to find them out. I used to wander

in them with Castilla, when we were little children, with Philadelphia for nurse; we took Jack Easterbrook to show him the place as soon as he came to us; we thought, I believe—as children love to think of anything—that the gardens were our own; though, of course, we were only there on sufferance, and because the gardeners knew we should neither destroy nor steal.

Perhaps the chief reason why we sought the place (because we had gardens of our own at home) was that, just beyond the last bend of the Creek, there stood, on the very edge of the steep bank—here twenty feet above low-water-mark—an old summer-house, built of wood. It was octagonal in shape, having a pointed roof of shingle, with a gilded weathercock upon it. Three sides contained windows, all looking upon the river; another side consisted of a door; and a bench ran round the room, except on the side of the door. It had once been painted green, but the paint was now for the most part fallen off; the shingle roof was leaky, and let in the rain; the weathercock was rusty, and stuck at due east; the planks of the wall had started; the door hardly hung upon its hinges; the glass of the windows was broken; and the whole structure was so crazy that I wonder it kept together, and did not either tumble to pieces or slip down the steep bank into the ooze of the Creek. In this summer-house the great Czar Peter, when he was learning how to build ships in Deptford Yard, would, it was said, sometimes come to sit with his princes or heyducs, on a summer evening, to drink brandy, to look at the ships, and to meditate how best to convert his enslaved Muscovites into the likeness of free and honest English sailors. We had small respect for the memory of the Czar, but as for the old summer-house it was all our own, because no one used it except ourselves. For us it was a fortress or castle where we could play at being besieged, the ships in the river representing the enemy's fleet. Jack would sally forth and perform prodigies of valour in bringing in provisions for the garrison. Or it was our ship, in which we sustained imaginary broadsides, and encountered shipwreck, and were cast away, Jack being captain and Castilla the passenger, while I was alternately bo'sn, first lieutenant, or cook, according to the exigencies of the situation. But very soon Jack grew too big for these games, and left us to ourselves. Then we fell to more quiet sport. It was pleasant to watch the ships go up and down the river, and fine to see how the tide rushed up the Creek below us making whirlpools and eddies, and setting upright the boats lying on their sides in the mud, and trying to tear down the bank on which stood our rickety palace. We seemed to know every craft, from the great East Indiaman to the Margate hoy or the Gravesend tilt-boats, by face, so to speak, just as we knew the faces of the naval officers who walked about the town. And, thanks to Jack, we knew the history of every ship of the King's Navy which came to Deptford, and all the engagements and actions in which she had ever taken part.

Across the Creek, and as far as the woods and slopes of Greenwich, there are more gardens, so that at spring-time it was a beautiful thing to sit in the summer-house and look forth upon a great forest—it seemed nothing less to our young eyes—covered with sweet blossoms, and tender green leaves, which formed a strange and beautiful setting for the ships in the river. I have painted this picture several times, and always with a new pleasure, so sweet and charming it is. When I began first to draw, it was in this place; but it was when Jack had ceased to play with us, because he would only have laughed at me. I drew the ships with trembling pencil, Castilla standing over me the while. The dear girl could never hold a pencil in her hand; but she could tell me if my drawings were like. Now, to draw ships that are like real ships is the most important thing of all. The time soon came when I was never without a pencil in my hand and paper to draw upon. I drew everything, just as some boys will read everything. I drew the ships and the boats, the Creek and the bridge, the sailors, the skeletons of half-built ships in the great sheds, and the girl who stood beside me.

The picture of a lad who draws while a girl stands beside him—that might stand for the picture of my life. It is a life which has been, I thank God, free from anxiety, trouble, or calamity. Once I painted such a picture (having Castilla and myself in my mind). I drew a youth of eighteen seated before a window, just such a window as that of the old summer-house. The window showed a merchantman, or part of a merchantman, slowly making her way up the river with wind and tide. Her fore-mast and main-mast were gone, and in their place two jury-masts rigged with a stay-sail; her bowsprit was gone, and her figure-head carried away and lost; her bulwarks were broken down. Yet she was safe, and her crew and cargo were safe, and the evening sun was upon her, so that she showed glorious in spite of her battered condition, and seemed like some poor human soul which, after many troubles, gets at last into the haven where she may lie at rest for ever. The boy in my picture was gazing upon his sketch as if comparing it with the original. Beside him stood a girl of the same age—be sure that she was a very beautiful girl, gentle and composed, full of holy thoughts—who looked down upon the lad. Thus it is always. The man considers his work, and the woman considers the man, loving his work, because she loves the worker, yet not, like the man, carried away by admiration for the work, as knowing that all man's work is perishable and transitory, and that the breath of fame is fleeting. The picture of the girl is the true portrait of Castilla as she appeared at the age of eighteen, taken from the many drawings which I made of her at that time, her hair a light brown, falling in waves artlessly upon her shoulders, and her eyes a clear deep blue, to present which, upon the canvas, would want a Reynolds or a Raphael. Alas! if Sir Joshua had painted this picture, then, indeed, would you have caught in those eyes the light of virtue and goodness, and you would have seen about that brow a divine halo, which I have always seen there, but have not the art to represent. This it was which the ancients meant when they figured their goddesses wrapt about with a cloud.

And beside our quiet lives there ran the tumultuous course of a life whose parallel I know not anywhere.

We did not, it may be supposed, stay always in the old summer-house. As we grew older, we roamed about the country, Jack sometimes condescending to lead the way (though he would rather have spent his whole time in the Yard among the ships). There is a pleasant country lying south and east of Deptford. You may, for instance, cross the bridge over the Creek, past the toll-gate, and so by Limekiln-lane and London-street, a pleasant road among the orchards, you will reach the town of Greenwich, with its great hospital; and, if you please to leave this unvisited, you may turn to the right, and so up the Hill by Brazenface-avenue, and into the Wilderness. Beyond the Wilderness is Blackheath, a wild and desolate spot, with never a house upon it, covered with furze-bushes. Gipsies camp here, and it is said that footpads and highwaymen lurk among the caves; but we never met any. One can come home, by way of Watersplash, along the stream, which is here no longer Deptford Creek, but the Ravensbourne—a pretty brook of pure water, with deep holes under trees, and babbling shallows, running between high banks, where the primroses, in March and April, lie in thousands. The holes are full of jack,

which we sometimes caught with float and hook; and here in spring we went bird-nesting, and in summer we picked the wild roses, and in autumn gathered nuts, sloes, and blackberries. Farther afield, there is Woolwich-Common; or Eltham, with the ruins of King John's Palace, the walls of which still stand, and the moat may still be seen, now dry; and the King's banqueting-hall, which is used for a barn, stands stately with its Gothic windows. And if one follows up the windings of the Ravensbourne, there are presently the swelling uplands of Penge, with their hanging woods; and Norwood, Westwood-Common, Sydenham Wells, and many other rural places, pleasant for those who love the haunts of singing birds and wild flowers and the babble of brooks, and remoteness from the walks of men.

But for such a boy as Jack, what are all the charms of Nature compared with the ships, and the docks, and the river? You can get orchards everywhere, but not a seaport and a dock-yard. You can find rustics, and you may meditate in woods all over the country, but you cannot talk everywhere, as you can at Deptford and Greenwich, with sailors, old and young, of the merchant service and the King's Navy. The sailors are rough of speech and rude of manners; they live in mean houses; but in every house there is something strange and wonderful brought from foreign parts. The very landsmen and those who work at mechanical trades are half sailors, though they do not wear the sailors' petticoats; for they are shipwrights, boat-builders, fitters of state-cabins, carvers who decorate figure-heads and ships' sterns, or are employed in the Victualling Yard or in the carpenters' shop, or they are ships' painters, rope-makers, or are employed to scrape clean and caulk ships' bottoms; so that the whole town makes its living by the sea. No one speaks or thinks of anything but the sea and the things which are concerned with the sea. What, for instance, did the people of Deptford know about the conduct of the Allies and the King's land forces during the late war? Yet they knew of every naval action that was fought, and the name of every ship engaged; and there were men of Deptford, both pressed and volunteers, with every fleet and squadron. The streets were always full of sailors; the officers of the ships in commission and fitting-out were always passing in and out of the Dockyard gates; and in sunny weather the benches by the stairs, at the Upper and Lower Water Gates, were crowded with the old fellows watching the craft go up and down, and listening to the ribald jests of the watermen, and ready to talk all day long with a certain lad of bright eyes and brave face, who was never tired of listening to them.

What with the old men of Trinity and the pensioners of Greenwich, the boy heard stories enough of the sea and the ships and those who sail therein. Some of the men were so old that they could remember Admiral Benbow and his cowardly captains. There was not a single action fought in the first half of this century but was represented among the Greenwich pensioners, some of whom were in it, and had lost an arm, a leg, an eye, or anything else that can be shot away and leave the trunk still living. I can still see Jack standing before some old veteran, with a hook for a hand, his eye kindling, his cheek aflame, his fists clenched, his lips parted, because in imagination he saw the deck knee-deep in blood, the boarders leaping upon the enemy like tigers upon their prey, the ship capsized or sinking, the French flag struck, and because he heard the roaring of the great guns, the rattle of the muskets, the clash of cutlasses, and the groans of the wounded.

There are many other things at sea besides fighting, chasing, and boarding. Jack learned the daily life, for example, from these old fellows, with the duties and the discipline. He heard about foreign ports and strange lands: certainly, one would never be tired of visiting wild and unknown countries, where there may remain yet to be discovered strange races of men, with fruits and flowers as yet unseen and undreamed. But there are also, alas! storms and hurricanes, wrecks in mid-ocean, with, as the landsmen could tell us, boats laden to the gunwale with sailors who have escaped the sinking ship only to be tossed helpless on the sea with never a drop of water to drink or a mouthful of biscuit to eat. Or there are those who are cast away upon some desolate rock or unknown island, where they live on sea-birds, fish, mussels, and the like, till they die, or are taken off. And some are thrown upon cold and inhospitable coasts, such as that of Labrador, where the cruel cold causes their hands and feet, their noses and ears, to fall off—there was one poor wretch in the hospital thus mutilated—and where the North American Indians (the most savage and the most ruthless race in the world) take them prisoners, and torture them before slow fires. Or there are treacherous pirates, who steal aboard, murder the crews, and pillage the ship. Or there are Moors, who make slaves of honest English sailors, and constrain them to row in their galleys, bare-backed, with the master or bo'sn walking above them on a kind of bridge, armed with a whip to scourge the bare backs of those who seem to shirk their work. Or there are French prisons, where the captives are starved on thin soup and bread for all their diet. Or there is the accursed Inquisition, into whose clutches many sailors have been known to fall, and, for their endurance in the Protestant faith, have suffered the torture of the rack, and even martyrdom at the stake. And, again, there are such perils as falling overboard, fire at sea, scurvy, yellow jack, and mutiny. And there is the evil—intolerable it would be to landsmen—of the captain's tyranny, or, which often happens, the malice, envy, or jealousy of a first lieutenant, with endless floggings and rope's-end all day long. And, again, there is the danger that, after showing the greatest zeal, bravery, and activity in service, a man may be passed over by the favouritism which prevails in high quarters and the want of friends to help him. Is it not a dreadful and a shameful thing that there should be men grown old as lieutenants—nay, even as midshipmen—who have fought in a hundred battles and spent their lives upon salt water, only to feel a new mortification every voyage in serving under men young enough to be their own sons?

As for myself, the talk of these old men filled me with a kind of contempt for the seaman's lot. One cannot choose but admire the intrepidity, worthy of a stoical philosopher, with which these men face, every day, possible death; yea, and exhibit the most wonderful constancy under pain, and the strongest insensibility to danger. This, I say, commands our admiration. Yet the lot of the meanest landsman seems to me easier than that of a sailor, and I would rather be a hedge and a ditcher upon a farm than even a commissioned officer aboard the finest ship that ever floated. But we landsmen know not the strength of that longing for the sea which possesses some lads, and drags them as by chains or ropes to the nearest port (thus was Jack drawn irresistibly by the hand of fate) and so aboard—and once on the ship's books there is no other way possible—and the lad becomes for life a sailor, to spend his days rolling about on a wet and slippery deck, yet happier than if he were ashore—like unto those rovers of old, the north-country men, who could stay long in no place, but roved from port to port, finding here and there, and devouring the substance of the people, even to the southern coasts of Italy, and the islands of Greece.

(To be continued.)



JACK OF THE TULES.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Shrewdly you question, Señor, and I fancy
You are no novice. Confess that to little
Of my poor gossip of Mission and Pueblo
You are a stranger!

Am I not right? Ah! believe me, that ever
Since we joined company at the posada
I've watched you closely, and—pardon an old priest—
I've caught you smiling!

Smiling to hear an old fellow like me talk
Gossip of pillage and robbers, and even
Air his opinion of law and alcaldes
Like any other!

Now!—by that twist of the wrist on the bridle,
By that straight line from the heel to the shoulder,
By that curt speech—nay, nay, no offence, son—
You are a soldier?

No? Then a man of affairs? San Sebastian!
'Twould serve me right if I prattled thus wildly
To—say a sheriff? No?—just caballero!
Well, more's the pity.

Ah! what we want here's a man of your presence;
Sano, Secreto,—yes, all the four S's,
Joined with a boldness and dash when the time comes,
And—may I say it?—

One not *too* hard on the poor country people—
Peons and silly vaqueros, who, dazzled
By reckless skill and, perchance, reckless largesse,
Wink at some queer things.

No? You would crush them as well as the robbers:
Root them out—scatter them? Ah! you are bitter—
And yet—*quien sabe*, perhaps that's the one way
To catch their leader.

As to myself, now, I'd share your displeasure—
For I admit in this Jack of the Tules
Certain good points. He still comes to confession—
You'd like to catch him?

Ah, if you did at such times, you might lead him
Home by a thread! Good! Again you are smiling:
You have no faith in such shrift—and but little
In priest or penitent.

Bueno! We take no offence, Sir, whatever
It please you to say; it becomes us, for Church's sake,
To bear in peace. Yet, if you were kinder,
And less suspicious,

I might still prove to you Jack of the Tules
Shames not our teaching—nay, even might show you,
Hard by this spot, his old comrade, who, wounded,
Lives on his bounty.

If—ah, you listen!—I see I can trust you—
Then, on your word as a gentleman—follow:
Under that sycamore stands the old cabin:
There sits his comrade.

What!—are you mad? You would try to arrest him?
You, with a warrant? Oh, well, take the rest of them!
Pedro, Bill, Murray, Pat Doolan. Hey!—all of you,
Tumble out,—d—n it!

There—that'll do, boys! Stand back! Ease his elbows!
Take the gag from his mouth. Good! Now scatter like
devils
After his posse—four straggling, four drunken—
At the posada.

You—help me off with these togs, and then *ramos*!
Now, ole Jeff Dobbs—Sheriff, Scout, and Detective!
You're so derned 'cute!—Kinder sick, aint ye, bluffing
Jack of the Tules?

BRET HARTE.

JACK of the
TULES by
BRET HARTE.



AFTER DINNER POLITICS.—DRAWN BY EVERARD HOPKINS.

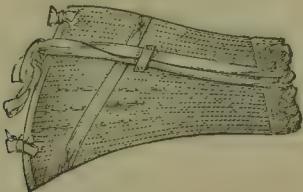
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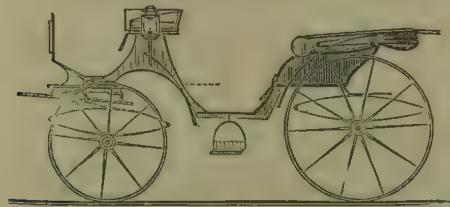
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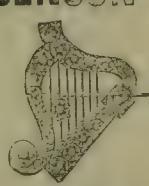
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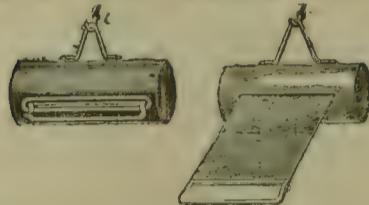
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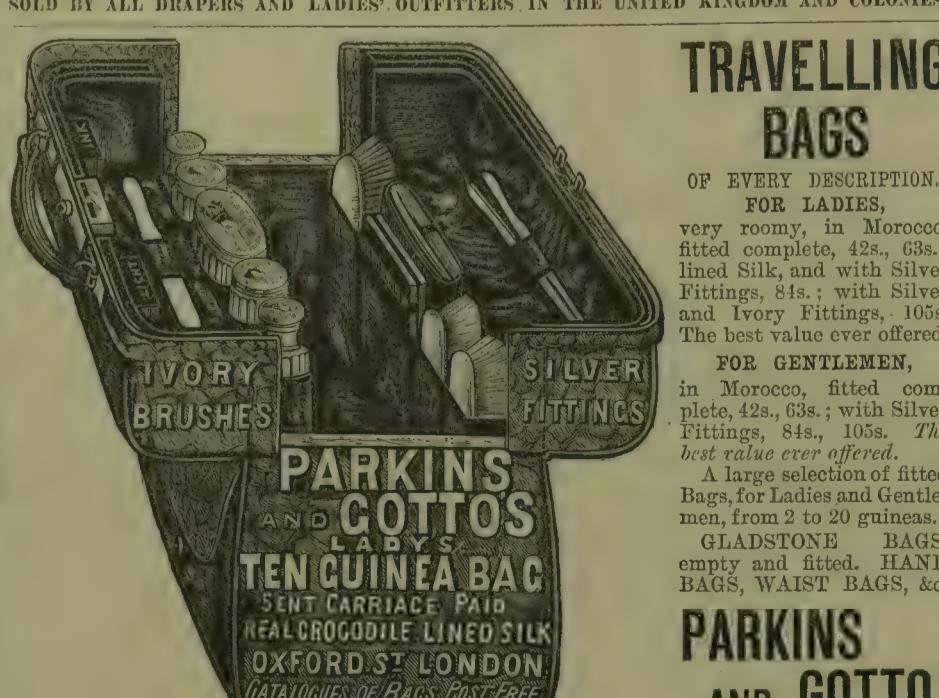
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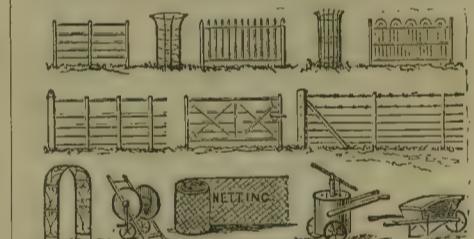


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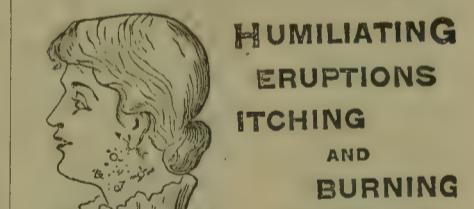
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NOVELS.

An original conception, followed by striking execution, would be looked for with confidence in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*: by Thomas Hardy (Smith, Elder, and Co.), if the book were taken up by any reader acquainted with the author and his works (that is to say, by any habitual novel-reader); and certainly such expectation would not be disappointed. On the present occasion the author has been pleased to narrate certain passages in "the life and death of a man of character." The first bit of "character" is exhibited in the very first chapter of the volume, where the future "Mayor of Casterbridge," being at the time "on the tramp" in search of work, goes with his wife and child (an infant in arms) into a tent at a fair, calls for some nice nourishing furnety, is induced to have a little rum in it, thinks it goes very well with rum, and has a little more in it, has a great deal more in it, has too much in it, and then, half in jest and half in earnest, but altogether in drink, sells his wife and child to a sailor for a five-pound note and five shillings. The poor wife, in her indignation, takes her husband at his word when he declares that he is in earnest, expresses her intention of being equally in earnest, hurls her wedding-ring at his feet, and (with her baby in her arms) marches off with the sailor. The wife-seller falls into a drunken sleep, is left in the tent all night, and, when he wakes the next morning in his sober senses and gradually comes to understand all that has happened, is filled with remorse, repents to a neighbouring church, and, standing or kneeling in the most sacred part of it, makes a solemn vow to touch neither rum nor strong drink from that day forth for twenty years to come. These two scenes are described in the graphic, life-like style for which the author is remarkable; and the rest of the novel, though by no means the best the author has produced, abounds with what is interesting, striking, and impressive. Teetotallers will rejoice more perhaps at the evil which is represented as being wrought by drink than at the good which results from the twenty years of temperance, or rather of total abstinence, especially as the abstainer's luck turns during his temperance, as he is evidently not disposed to go more than twenty years without a taste of something a little stronger, though less effervescent, than lemonade, and as he shows symptoms of thirsting for alcohol at the earliest opportunity. About this time, or rather before, we come upon traces of a certain coquettish Lucetta; and the episode in which she figures most prominently occupies a disproportionately large space, for it does not contribute so much as might have been expected to what is really the main catastrophe—namely, the Mayor's failure in business—and it has a forced, unnatural appearance.

Questions of right or wrong moral procedure, on the part of the most estimable Christians, are suggested by such books as *King Arthur*: by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Macmillan and Co.), which for considerate admonition of the frivolous, no doubt, is described upon the titlepage as "not a love-story." Yet love of a certain kind, not altogether without just a touch of the sort which is the usual theme of novelists as well as of poets, does enter largely into the business of the tale, which—there is no need to say—is very pure and wholesome in tone, and is very charming in parts. The writer's object is to "suggest to some thoughtless readers what the Heavenly Father means when He sends to earthly fathers and mothers the blessing and responsibility of a child." Could not this lesson have been as well taught without taking the case of a child deserted by its own mother, and adopted by a mother who had lost her baby? Some unpleasant reflections might then have been avoided. Admirable Christian woman as the adoptive mother is, it never seems to have occurred to her that, if the sale of a child is an immoral and illegal transaction, the purchaser is as guilty as the seller, just as the briber is as guilty as the bribed, the aider and abettor as the actual perpetrator. It is quite evident, again, that this excellent woman's maternal yearnings arose from the loss of her own child; and that she was actuated rather by a desire to satisfy her longings, to administer comfort to herself, than by any other sentiment. We must not, of course, inquire too closely into motives; the picture of love between adoptive mother and adopted son is very pleasant and touching, in any case. At the same time, a great deal of rubbish has been talked and written about the unselfishness of women, especially of mothers. No doubt, mothers do nearly always sacrifice themselves for their children, and would readily give their lives for their helpless babes. But why? Because they are part of themselves; it is no unselfish love of children, else stepmothers would never have become a by-word. And, this being the case, it would be possible for the casuist to urge something on behalf of the unnatural mother, on the ground that she is, at any rate, not egotistical to the extent of considering her own flesh and blood of more account than anybody else's. A word more about the conduct of the excellent Christian adoptive mother. When the adopted child was inquired for, should the doctor have refrained from at least ascertaining what the inquiries meant? Yet she thanked him for ignoring the matter altogether, though incalculable mischief might have been done to no end of people. These super-excellent Christian men and women are sometimes so very selfish and thoughtless—from the best of motives, of course; oh! from the very best of motives.

A tale of which the scene is laid in Cornwall, as is the case with *Katharine Blythe*: by Katharine Lee (Richard Bentley and Son), is thereby at once recommended to the sympathies of some of us, whose hearts are not in the Highlands following the deer but on the coast of Cornwall rejoicing in the sea. Nor will these sympathies have been enlisted under delusive pretences; fair use is made of the Cornish nature, animate and inanimate, and, to the back of that, the story of true love and unwavering constancy will make friends of the largest class of novel-readers. Very well told, too, is the tale on the whole; though it is open to the common—the almost invariable—objection of being too weak in substance for the space over which it is expended. Charges of wildness and extravagance, moreover, will not unreasonably be brought against the Munchausen-like adventures of the hero in Mexico and California; and the hero himself is not altogether without reproach for his conduct in that little affair with Donna Elvira, who "had the beautiful dark eyes, the bewitching smile, and the lithe, graceful figure of her race." Not with her, though, it must be acknowledged, does he exchange the good "long" kisses which, it may hardly be requisite to state, are given and taken at convenient points in the narrative for the gratification or tantalisation of appreciative readers. As for the episode concerning the young doctor and the young girl, who omit the marriage ceremony it was probably introduced either for the purpose of illustrating certain (real or supposed) peculiarities of Cornish habits, manners, and customs, or simply out of deference for the views of those novelists and readers who seem to think that no romance can possibly do without a little bit of impropriety; for it is not at all necessary for the development of what may be called the plot. As for the agony-point, it raises the question, how far a novelist is wise in turning a very exceptional case to the purposes of the story; but, whether or no, the agony should not be unduly prolonged, the tension should not be

carried to an intolerable pitch. Concerning the reverend gentleman who treacherously meddles with his daughter's correspondence, he ought, of course, to have been disowned, to have had his living sequestered; but, on the other hand, the incident is so common in fiction as to have lost all its effect upon the reader, who quite expects it, and whose experience leads him to form a very low opinion of true lovers that can have dust thrown in their eyes by a device which has so long been "blown upon." It is a very pretty, and even powerful, story on the whole, nevertheless.

So hopeless is it, by common consent, to set humour in such a light as shall make it plain and irresistible to everybody, that there may be more than meets the eye or the two eyes of a bewildered reader in *The Professor's Wooing*: by the author of "Three Sisters" (Sampson, Low, and Co.), which is undoubtedly nothing if not humorous. That must be plain enough to a very Scotchman; who might be excused, however, if he failed on this occasion to see wherein the humour lies. That there are some absurd situations, some pretty good descriptions, some smart observations in the book, it may be cheerfully admitted; that there is anything amusing or interesting about the characters or the dialogue or the narrative can only be allowed with extreme hesitation; that there is much hearty laughter in the two volumes it would be rash to affirm. Certainly, the circumstances are not promising; the scene is laid principally in Geneva and at a place on the borders of the lake, and the persons who are to make the fun are chiefly a very sorry sort of "Professor," a swarm of "school-marms," two or three pretty girls of no striking individuality, a strange sort of "Captain" (who is not even "wicked"), a tiresome "old maid," a commonplace combination of a landlord and a head-waiter, and some odious children. The wooing is of the most eccentric but of the least entertaining; the adventures are of the mildest; the talk is of the most wearisome. All the same, there may be—and it is to be hoped there are—many readers who, having stayed at a pension, in the neighbourhood of Lake Leman, will be amused and interested by what is very likely a lifelike reproduction of their experiences there. From some rhymes, headed "L'Envoi," it might be inferred that the writer considers Geneva to be in France and the Genevese to be Frenchmen: that certainly would be funny, if not exactly humorous.

Very well written, as it was certain to be, is *A Stern Chase*: by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (Sampson Low and Co.); beyond that there is little to redeem the story from the general run of sensational, melodramatic novels. It may be acknowledged, however, that the poisoning of the bride at the conclusion is a brisk piece of business, conceived with an audacity that would have satisfied Danton, and executed with a promptness, decision, preparation, and smoothness worthy of these days of "Inventories" and machinery that works by steam. That the most revengeful gentleman should provide himself beforehand with the dress of a wafer, and apparently with a "private" tray, glass, and biscuit, and travel about with them, keeping them packed in a portmanteau, on the "off chance" of being able to poison the bride on pretence of bringing her refreshment ordered by her husband, is foresight worthy of the gifted being who could write a "Complete Murderer" or a "Guide to Crime." The foresight, however, is not more marvellous than the coolness, deliberation, and thoughtfulness, as well as utter callousness displayed by the murderer at the close of what may justly be called his "performance," or than the discretion with which he abstains from "annexing" a certain "Royal rosary," or than the unsuspiciousness exhibited by the people of the hotel, by the doctor, and by everybody connected with the unfortunate bride. It is enough to make Mr. William Palmer, and other scientific poisoners, turn in their dishonoured graves, and sigh to think that they did not live among such unsuspicious natures; they might have been living (and poisoning) still. Nor will most sane persons be able to understand what gratification the murderous Don could have got out of his deed, how there was any revenge about it at all (even had he reached the victim he really sought), and why he should have travelled so far for so little; inasmuch as it is generally supposed to be of the very essence of revenge to hurt somebody's feelings and to let it be evident that "alone you did it." Many readers, moreover, will think that Inez would have written to the English nun at the convent the very first thing on her arrival in England—for advice, if not in explanation, and most likely for both purposes. But then, this is a novel—and a novel in three volumes.

Clever study of character, accompanied by considerable powers of delineation, distinguishes *Isabel Clarendon*: by George Gissing (Chapman and Hall); a romance which is really little more (though that may be quite enough for the reader's entertainment and the author's credit) than simple portraiture (relieved, of course, by a flow of dialogue and descriptive passages). There are two finished portraits; the rest are sketches in various phases of incompleteness: all testify of keen observation and skilful workmanship. Than the heroine, who gives her name as the title of the book, there is probably no commoner type of woman in real life; it is doubtful, however, if she has ever before been thought worthy of the elaboration here bestowed upon her, or been so truthfully depicted, or been invested with so much interest (which need not be a great deal) without travelling beyond the bounds of strict verisimilitude. She is one of those women who have nearly every admirable quality of the moral sort save the courage to face poverty, if there be any virtuous way (as the world counts virtue) of evading the necessity; who have physical charms and graces to any extent; who are not intellectual, but have brains enough for practical purposes, and a sufficient varnish of cultivation to pass muster in what is generally known as society. As a contrast, we have also in the novel a careful, though not very full, representation of the growth to noble womanhood from ignoble girlhood, from early physical ugliness to something better than mere physical beauty, and yet scarcely to be discriminated from it, of a bad man's daughter, who certainly did not inherit from him that germ of high moral principle which blossomed and bore such admirable fruit. Even she, however, would evidently have let moral principles and everything else go by the board for the sake of a handsome scoundrel, but for the providential interposition of an anonymous letter (containing, by-the-way, an incredibly absurd statement about a dead man's will). There is very little action or incident in the story, which is a little too enigmatical in style; but nobody can complain that there is little talk.

The income for the past year of Mr. Spurgeon's Stockwell Orphanage was nearly £17,000.

The annual lawn-tennis matches between the representatives of Oxford and Cambridge Universities were concluded at the Hurlingham Club, Fulham, yesterday week, when the Cantabs proved victorious by eight matches to one.

The revenue received for the quarter ending June 30 amounted to £20,183,737, being an increase of £49,011 over that of the corresponding quarter of last year. For the twelve months the revenue was £89,630,312, or £1,394,879 more than for the twelve months ending June 30, 1885.

STRAWBERRIES.

In a part of the North Downs where beech-woods alternate with dry flinty pastures, the higher slopes are as thick with wild strawberries at midsummer as a lawn will be with daisies. There grow the "fragrant" orchis, the "bee" orchis, and many others of that curious brotherhood; there the patches of thyme and the honey-scented bedstraws are lures for the bees; there is marjoram, on which the scarlet and green burnet moths alight so often. It is a natural flower-garden; and it is a natural fruit-garden, too; for everywhere, between the flower-stems and the sparse tufts of the grass, is the errant strawberry. Let no lady in light summer attire sit down there without due heed. Even an ardent lover of Nature may dislike to have a natural pattern diapered upon a dress, though it be done in the genuine "crushed strawberry" tint. The tiny berries, however, with their pretty pitted scarlet checks, are charming enough to be forgiven; they share in the grace and distinction that mark the whole plant from the beaded circlet by the roots to the crown of glistening leaves. Yet, with all their beauty, they are disappointing as a fruit; they have but little flavour, and that little is neither honestly sweet nor honestly sour. Nor could they fill the place of the cultivated strawberry were they twice as well-flavoured and twice as plentiful. A multitude of prawns will not afford the gust of one big creamy lobster, and the English wild strawberry comes quite as short of its luscious brother of the kitchen-garden.

The "wild strawberry" is a plant of wide distribution, and its range is great indeed if we include under that name not only the *Fragaria vesca*, but also its near relatives. In Europe it occurs from the Mediterranean to 70 deg. north, and it is spread over a great expanse of North America and Asia. The wild varieties from which our cultivated kinds have descended are not many, but there have been so many crossings and intercrossings that it would be hard to determine the pedigree of any particular sort. There can be little doubt, however, that the common wood strawberry is the progenitor of the "wood" and "Alpine" varieties, and the *Fragaria virginiana*, introduced early in the seventeenth century, of the "scarlets." The so-called Chilians seem to have originated in a wild stock spread along the Pacific coast of America, from Oregon southwards, and a "green pine" derives from the *Fragaria collina* of Germany.

From its habits of "running," the strawberry is very apt to escape from the garden into the wilderness. In this way the banks of a series of cuttings through the lower greensands on one of our southern railways are starred in May with thousands of white strawberry blossoms. These plants are a little degenerated, and are clearly escapes from railside gardens. In several elevated situations in the tropics where the strawberry has been introduced, it has spread itself with an unwelcome rapidity over the adjacent fields, smothering other crops in its course. De Candolle tells us of such a case in the Isle of Bourbon, where wide spaces were aglow with the ruddy fruit, and the traveller was stained to the ankles by a marmalade of strawberries and volcanic mire.

The culture of the strawberry appears to date from comparatively modern times, and it was probably not until the fourteenth century that it began to be domesticated and improved. In the sixteenth century, garden strawberries were still a novelty in the North of France, although in England and the South of France they had been brought to some degree of perfection. Diderot and D'Alembert, writing in the middle of the eighteenth century, mention that the culture of this fruit had been more successfully prosecuted in England than in their own country. It may be that our climate gives us potent aid: our frosts are not severe enough to "lift" the plants, our sunshine rarely bakes the soil about them, but there can be little doubt that we still excel in this department of horticulture. Even our American cousins, who are given to flouting us about our fruit, are compelled to admit that our strawberries are larger and sweeter than theirs. But, on the other hand, they state that the American strawberry is more aromatic and pungent; qualities that would appear to point to the existence of a taste in strawberries very different from that prevalent here.

To give some idea of the number of the more or less artificial varieties of the strawberry, it may be mentioned that the London Horticultural Society defined some thirty-one varieties in 1842, and afterwards extended this list to sixty. Amongst those which are less and less grown is the true *hautbois*, perhaps because of its capriciousness as a bearer; and a pleasant writer tells us of a famous London physician who recommended *hautbois* strawberries to the patients who begged for a little fruit, in spite of his prohibition of it. "Be sure they are *hautbois*," he would say to the sufferer; and "I know they can't get them," he would chuckle to himself.

Those who would taste the finest or the most "curious" varieties of the strawberry must either grow them or cleave to a friend who has a good garden. The grower for the market has to hit the mean of taste, and requires a combination of qualities in his fruit that closely limits his selection. His varieties must be productive; they must bear large fruit (for reason, or no reason, the public will have big fruit); the berries must be bright and of brilliant colour; and last, and not least, they must not be liable to bruise when touched, or to collapse into a wet red paste in a few hours. Now, if we take the very finest strawberries we shall find that they have defects unfitting them for market purposes—one is too soft, another mildews, a third is of an unpleasing tint. No one can blame the growers for consulting their own interests in this respect; but there is another matter in which the market-gardener's policy is not so patent. Strawberries are peculiarly grateful in the droughty weather of August and early September, and every well-managed garden can furnish them at that time. Why, then, does the grower produce them almost in excess at Midsummer, and not at all between the dog-days and Michaelmas? Why should not, at least, as much trouble be taken in producing late strawberries as early ones? The growers are, no doubt, aware of the various methods for obtaining late crops; but the fact remains that they do not use them to any appreciable extent.

How to eat the strawberry? It cannot be too fresh; it is spoiled in flavour if washed by rain, and is therefore at its best after a dry day. Mr. Collett-Sandars tells us that Sir Philip Sidney was the first English writer to allude to strawberries and cream; but the passage in the "Arcadia" that is cited would apply rather better to an accidental scattering of strawberries into a dish of cream; and it is possible that this delightful combination was not known in Sidney's time. Strawberry jam, too, is in high repute; but there are uses and properties of the strawberry beyond those which ordinarily recommend it. The Italians pulp them with rosewater, and, adding the juice of lemons, obtain an excellent conserve. They have been prescribed as a medicine; and Linnæus professed to be cured of his gout by a few dishes of strawberries. The scent of dying strawberry-leaves was commended by Sir John Suckling; and Bacon places it after the odours of violets and musk-roses, and before those of vine-blossoms, sweetbriars, and wallflowers. This smell is either too delicate for modern noses, or else the varieties that possessed this gift are gone; and our realm of odours no longer yields us this analogue to the swan-song in the realm of music.

GUIDE-BOOKS.

Monopolies even in guide-books cannot last for ever, and we are not sorry to find (in spite of our respect and reverence for Murray) that there are other competitors for popular favour. Among these, the *J. E. M. Guide to Switzerland* (Wyman and Sons), which has already attained the honours of a sixth edition, deserves a prominent place. Mr. Muddock, the editor, knows his subject well; and he has succeeded in producing a portable, cheap, and comprehensive guide to the most popular playground of Europe. It is difficult to introduce any great novelty into works of this description, but Mr. Muddock seems to have bestowed especial pains at making cross routes intelligible; and he devotes some very useful pages to the baths and mineral springs of Switzerland; the list of which, however, although long, is by no means exhaustive, as the editor would admit, were he to consult Dr. Koenig's handbook of the "Churorte" of his native country. Whether patriotism has given imagination to the learned doctor, we do not pretend to say; but, according to his voluminous treatise, mineral springs seem to be almost as common as hotels in Switzerland. Another interesting feature of the "J. E. M. Guide" is a chapter of moths and butterflies, which are to be found in such rich and varied profusion, not only among the Alps, but also among the woods which cover the Jura and many lower ranges of hills. Mr. Muddock dismisses with rather scant praise the accommodation to be found on the Italian side of the Alps. It is often excellent, and generally good, in spite of the greater commissariat difficulties with which the Italian innkeeper has to cope, and from which, by free trade and good communication, his Swiss brother is relieved.

The more serious class of "world-trotters" is appealed to by Messrs. S. W. Silver and Co.'s *Handbook to Australia and New Zealand* (67, Cornhill), which contains useful and trustworthy information of all sorts for intending emigrants. For those who seek to make their way in the world, Victoria would seem, according to Messrs. Silver, to be the most tempting spot for the settler, although its Government does not offer so many inducements as the neighbouring colonies. Prices of manufactured and imported goods are cheaper in Victoria than elsewhere in Australasia; whilst the rate of wages is higher, and fluctuates but little. The authors of the handbook do not, however, explain how it happens that, in the face of these advantages, whilst 72,202 immigrants entered the colony, no less than 58,601 quitted it during the same year (1884). For those, however, who desire to enjoy the *dolce far niente* under the Southern Cross, Tasmania seems to be the very Garden of the Hesperides—the mythical dragon being represented by three varieties of snakes (all venomous). It is to be regretted that the last surviving Tasmanian (an old lady of seventy-eight years of age) could not have been persuaded to "assist" at the present Colonial Exhibition.

Increased facilities for travelling have brought with them an increased desire to learn something about the places we visit. In foreign countries we are content to know a little about public buildings and the historical events connected with them, but in our own country we like to be told something of the people who lived before us, and of their connection with the places whence they sprung, or where they settled. County histories are made up of such things; but county histories are for the most part as much beyond the reach of the ordinary tourist as they are beyond his power of carrying them on his journey. It is, therefore, with no small pleasure that we welcome the series of "Popular County Histories" (London: Elliot Stock) now in course of publication at a reasonable price. *The History of Devonshire*, by Mr. R. N. Worth, although not likely to dethrone the magnificent work of the Lysons, may be consulted with safety by those to whom the larger text-book is inaccessible. In the sixty years, moreover, which have elapsed since the brothers published their volumes, a good many discoveries and rectifications have been made, of which Mr. Worth has made good use. His method, if not without drawbacks, at all events helps the rapid searcher to find what he wants. Starting from Exeter as the capital of the county, he passes northward to Tiverton, and thence strikes westward, through South Molton to Ilfracombe-on-the-Sea, returning by Exmoor and Dartmoor to the south coast. On his way he talks of the principal parishes and their inhabitants; notes the rise and fall of local families, some of whom still cling to the homes of their ancestors in the remotest times, whilst others have shifted from one side of the county to the other, and many more have disappeared altogether. The Raleighs survive in only the names of two or three villages; but Akland, in the parish of Landkey, would, perhaps, now be unknown were it not for the family, which bears the name of its original home. Of the "Crocker, Cruwys, and Coplestone," whom the Conqueror on his arrival found at home, all exist by name, at least, in the county; but they are no longer connected with their ancient seats: the Crockers, now represented by the Bulteels, have long since disappeared from Lyneham, near Yealmpton; the Coplestones hold no land near the "Cross" which bears their name; and it is only through the female line that the old estates of Cruwys Morchard, which belonged to the family in the days of King John, are now claimed by its descendants. In addition to these pleasant reminiscences of forgotten families and bygone places, Mr. Worth devotes a chapter to dialect and folk-lore, and finds space to defend the language of his native county, where, as the saying goes, "Everything is *he* except a tom-cat, and that's a *she*."

Only a few years back travellers in Norway had to rely upon such scanty hints as they could pick out of Mr. Laing's or Miss Martineau's works on the country. They had, it is true, the alternative of relying upon Mr. Bennett's directions and advice, if they chose to make a visit to Christiania the starting-point of their travels. Now, however, intending travellers have a very different difficulty in making a selection from the numerous guide-books which an increasing desire to explore Scandinavia has called forth. *Willson's Handy Guide to Norway* (Stanford and Co.) is accurately described by its title. It is portable, concise, and well supplied with distinct maps of the districts which offer the most tempting scenes. Among such the Hardanger and Sogne Fjords will always stand in the first rank; although the Romsdal and the Jötun Fjeld may offer individual points of greater grandeur. Mr. Willson, we think, does but scant justice to the beauties of the less-frequented Telemarken, and its pleasant population; passing over the charms and good accommodation of such a spot as Tinoset—with the briefest remark. It is less excusable, however, to have omitted all reference to the baths of Modum, only two or three hours north of Christiania, where, in addition to some almost unequalled views, Norwegian daily life may be studied under exceptionally favourable conditions.

New colours will be presented to the third battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment by Lady Houghton on Tuesday, the 13th inst., in Pontefract Park. The consecration ceremony will be performed by the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of York. A ball will be given by the officers at the Townhall.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
T M D (Cape Town).—You will find No. 2187 is perfectly correct. The line of attack in the minor variations is, in our judgment, very obvious.
DEN.—According to the laws of the game, you may claim any piece (except a King) on advancing a Pawn to the eighth rank. You may, consequently, have three or more Rooks, Bishops, and Knights on the board at the same time. There is no other solution to No. 2203.
J T B (Asylum Station, U.S.A.).—We have sent you the required information through the post.
A S P (Dublin).—We do not understand your letter. Hitherto we have found the information respecting chess in Ireland sent to us precise and accurate.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM Nos. 2185 and 2186 received from T Y Duncan (Cape Town); of No. 2196 from Thomas Clowen; of No. 2198 from J W Allyn (Cape Town); of No. 2199 from Livain; of No. 2202 from Emile Frau, C P (New Jersey); of No. 2203 from Emile Frau, E L G, Den, Livain, Edward G Boys; of No. 2204 from Emile Frau, Jack, John C Bremer, F Marshall, E L G, J K (South Hampstead), E Londen, Den, Edward G Boys, and J C West.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2205 received from E Featherstone, Little Bits, Otto Falder (Ghent), Glascoigne, L Wyman, Hereward, Nerina, Thomas Clowen, H Reeve, Edmund Field, C Oswald, L Falcon (Antwerp), J K (South Hampstead), H Wardell, Lewis Nathan, E B H O Darragh, J A Schimmeke, Peterhouse, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, N S Harris, W R Railem, E Elsouby, F Broad, J W Allyn, W W Wood, W W Wood, W W Wood, E Charles (Paris), Emilie Frau, G W Law, G Heethorst, Jupiter Junier, Camp (Lynn), W Hillier, W Biddle, T Roberts, R Tweedie, John C Bremer, B R Wood, George A Koe (N.Y.), A C Hunt, F Marshall, Ben Nevis, W B Smith (Tipperary), E L G, T G (Ware), J H Brooks, R H Brooks, L Desanges, Clement Fawcett, C E P, Rev Winfield Cooper, Commander W L Martin, R.N., Shadforth, Jack, Adolf Tannenbaum, Den, Hermit, and Edward Bygott.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2200. WHITE. BLACK.
1. R takes P P takes R
2. P to Q Kt 6th Any move
3. Mates accordingly.

* If Black play 1. B to Q sq, White continues with 2. R to Q 6th; if 1. B takes Q B P, then 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch); and if 1. B to K B sq, 2. Q takes R, &c.

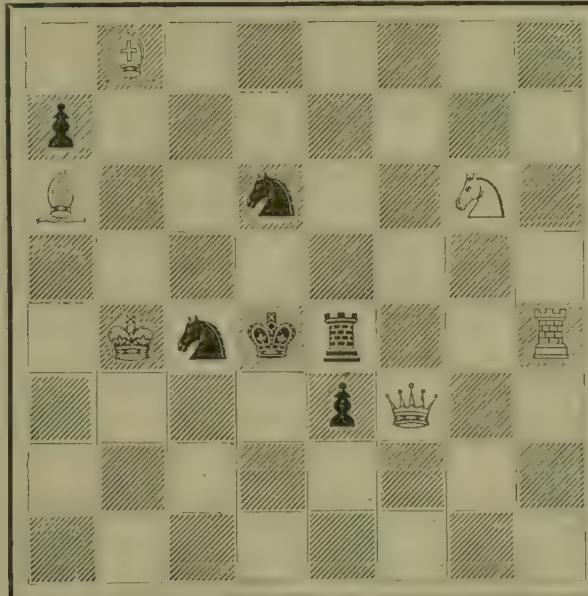
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K 8th K to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 6th (ch) K to K 3rd
3. B to Q 7th. Mate.

Variations obvious.

No. 2202. WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K Kt sq K to Q 7th
2. Q to R 2nd (ch) K moves
3. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2207.
Competing in the BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT.
"Motto: 'Erato.'"

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played at Simpson's Divan a few days ago, Mr. BLACKBURN giving the odds of King's Knight.

(Centre Gambit.—Remove White's King's Knight.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (A.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to Q 4th P takes P
3. P to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. P to K 5th Q to K 2nd
5. P takes P P to Q 3rd
6. P to B 4th P takes P
7. B P takes P Kt to K 5th
8. Q to B 3rd Q to Kt 5th (ch)
9. Kt to B 3rd P to K B 4th
10. P to Q R 3rd

The sacrifice of the two Pawns keeps the adverse Queen on the move, and prevents the development of Black's forces.

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (A.)
11. P to K 4th Another potent piece in play without loss of time.
12. Kt to Kt 5th B to Q 3rd
13. Kt to Kt 5th R to K 3rd
14. B to K 2nd R to K 3rd
15. Kt to Kt 5th R to K 3rd
16. B to K 2nd R to K 3rd
17. Castles P to Q R 3rd
18. B takes B

White clearly sees the advantage of retaining the Kt in this sort of position.

19. R takes Kt (ch) R takes R
20. Q takes B P (ch) R to K 3rd
21. Q to B 7th (ch) R to K 2nd
22. Q to Q 5th (ch) K to K sq
23. Kt to Q 6th (ch) K to Q 2nd
24. Kt to B 7th (ch) K to K sq
25. Q to Q 8th

Checkmate.

Dr. Zukertort was entertained by the members of the City of London Chess Club on the 28th ultimo, when a large number of representative chess-players assembled to welcome him back to London. Notwithstanding the fatigues of his circuit match with Herr Steinitz, Dr. Zukertort looks extremely well. Mr. C. G. Cutler, president of the club, occupied the chair, and Mr. H. F. Gastineau the vice chair. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, complimented Dr. Zukertort upon the chivalrous spirit he had displayed in making a journey of over 10,000 miles to play a chess match, and expressed the pleasure they all felt in seeing him safe in London again. Dr. Zukertort returned thanks in a capital speech, speaking of his adversary in the late match in characteristically generous terms.

The Irish team has won the match by correspondence against Sussex, the score now standing—Ireland, 7½; Sussex, 5½, with one game to finish. Another authority informs us that the score is—Ireland, 6½; Sussex, 4½. These contradictory reports are from Dublin. What does Brighton say?

Mr. W. Kirby Green, C.M.G., succeeds Sir John Drummond Hay as her Majesty's Minister in Morocco.

Mr. Charles Holbrow Stanton, Assistant Commissioner to the Charity Commissioners for England and Wales, has been appointed to act as Assistant Secretary to the Commissioners for the purposes of the Endowed Schools Acts; and the Hon. William Napier Bruce, barrister-at-law, has been appointed to be an Assistant Commissioner for the same purposes.

We are glad to welcome *Pictures of Life and Character*, by John Leech (Bradbury and Agnew), appearing in monthly parts, and embodying the majority of that artist's contributions to *Punch* between 1843 and 1864. John Leech was incomparably the best, as well as the gentlest, satirist of his day; and a collection of this sort has more in it than the mere amusement which comes from looking at the clever sketches of which the volume, when complete, will be made up. We have, however, from the historical point of view, at least, a slight quarrel with the editors of this collection. The troubles of Mr. Briggs, the misadventures of Tom Noddy, servanthood, and many such topics, are for all time; but there are other subjects which furnished Mr. Leech with materials for his caricatures which were altogether ephemeral. We should have preferred seeing such arranged chronologically, in order that the future historian of English manners and customs in the latter half of the nineteenth century might be able to trace the rise and fall of popular foibles, and to philosophise on the follies of our day, as seen by one like John Leech, who shot them as they flew with a barbless arrow.

MORNING IN DEMERARA.

Early morning, in the tropics, is the pleasantest part of the day. The air then is still fresh with the dews of the night, and the sun, low in the east, still casts cool shadows westward in garden and street. Then it is that any small pleasures are best undertaken, for in the breathless heat of noon little exertion is possible—it is the hour of the siesta. Even in the morning, as the early train steams out of Georgetown, leaving behind the Demerara river with its anchored shipping, and Water-street with its already opened stores, the breeze caused by the onward movement is grateful enough.

There being no bridges over the line, the railway carriages are furnished with seats on the top, and as the widest view and the fullest breeze are to be had there, it is better to sit on the roof. The country in every direction is as level as Holland. Probably the early Dutch settlers planted their colonies in Guiana because of this flatness to their Netherland. The resemblance is in many ways complete, for here, as on the Zuyder Zee, there are sea-walls built to keep the ocean out, and long canals run everywhere into the country. Away to the left yonder, the sea, already dim with heat, is of a dingy, yellow colour where its surf beats in upon the marsh. The swamp, up to the railway embankment, is covered with a low scrub, and sometimes the sea itself encroaches almost as far on the landward side, too, the native swamp everywhere asserts itself. Cattle browsing in the fields are here and there up to their middles in water; tall reeds and furzelike bushes make frequent encroachments on the pasture; and, as security against flood, the coolies' houses are everywhere built upon pillars. The roads run along the tops of the dykes, and even there the mud seems often trying enough for those plodding through it. Wide-spreading villages, each with conspicuous church, occur at intervals, as well as roomy villas with deep shadowy verandahs. Far inland, fields of tall green canes are visible, and, here and there, a congregation of tall black chimneys, with smoke rising from them, tells where the factories are at work.

The train moves but slowly, stopping every few miles at some wayside station, where a small band of onlookers has generally gathered. Picturesque enough are some of these swarthy idlers. Here is a grinning negro, whose only dress is an old rice-sack, with holes in bottom and sides, through which he has thrust head and arms. There is the shapely Hindoo coolie, with his not unattractive wife, her scarf-like sari of brilliant colours wound gracefully about her, and her neck, arms, and ankles loaded with gold and silver ornaments. One or two Chinamen are to be seen; and, less frequently, the white face of a European, sunburnt Briton or cadaverous Portuguese. The native Arawak Indians are seldom to be seen near the railway. Many of these idlers—freed slaves of the old régime, and coolies whose term of apprenticeship has expired—are independent squatters, or vendors of small commodities in the villages; for the gentlemen from the Dark Continent, finding that pumpkins enough for existence will grow if the ground is only scratched, are little inclined to injure their constitutions with hard work. But most of the people to be seen are employed on the sugar estates, either as labourers in the fields or as workers in the factories. British Guiana, in fact, may be said to depend entirely on its sugar industry; and some of the estates where it is carried on are very large undertakings.

A ride on muleback, or, to those doubtful of equestrian powers, a sail to the back of one of these estates, is quite a morning's excursion, and a somewhat unique experience. A batteau, shaded with awnings, is drawn by a mule along one of the deep canals that run due inland. The manager's house, a little apart, a white villa, quiet and cool, with wide verandahs and open windows everywhere, lies in the midst of its gardens. Gorgeous butterflies—brown, and blue, and gold—rise and fall there lazily among the trees, with dusky wings; humming-birds, not half so large, hang poised like gleaming jewels in the air about the wild gooseberry-trees, or flash copper and crimson and green, among the flowers; cabbage palms rise gracefully in the open spaces, orange-blossom fills the air with its perfection, sweet jessamine with its delicate flowers hangs thick upon the trellises; and on the pond, motionless among its leaves, lies the open chalice of the royal lily, Victoria Regia. Could the Gardens of the Blest be fairer? The banks of the canal swarm with life: yonder a hawk hovers over a cane patch, intent upon small game; here and there above the stagnant water of some weedy side trench appears the black snout of an alligator, and more than once a rustle in the grass tells where a snake has hurried off disturbed. In some of the fields gangs of workmen, under the charge of an overseer, are cutting the ripe canes, punts laden with which once or twice have passed on their way to the crushing-mill.

Where the cultivation stops, four or five miles inland from the sea, there is a broad earth wall, with, beyond it, the native swamp showing rank vegetation over its surface, and far in the interior the jungle woods of "the bush." In excessively wet weather the swamp sometimes threatens to overflow the plantations, and openings require to be made in the dykes that the water may drain off through the trenches to the shore front, where at some places it is pumped and at others let out through tidal sluices into the sea. A little inattention to this matter of drainage might in a very short time, by submerging the estate, cause serious damage to the canes.

These gigantic grasses themselves, upon which so much depends, require twelve to fifteen months to attain perfection, and the planter so arranges his fields that they shall, as nearly as possible, ripen in succession. Reaping, therefore, on the larger estates, is carried on throughout nearly the whole year. When cut, the yellow snake-like canes are floated on punts from the fields along the trenches to the mill. There they are thrown upon a moving platform, which slowly carries them between the jaws of two huge revolving rollers. At this point Nature ends and Man begins. The canes having been pressed by the rollers, the juice runs into a cistern, and the megass—the mangled fibre—goes to the furnace. In the purifying tanks, the juice has lime mixed with it to prevent fermentation. Being led to the copperwall, it is passed from one to another of the open, pan-like boilers by men with large ladles, who, at the same time, keep skimming off the refuse which the boiling sends to the surface. By the time the liquid reaches the last of these pans, it has acquired a syrupy consistency, when it is removed to the "subsiders," to percolate through filter-bags. Introduced then to the vacuum pan, and relieved from the pressure of the air, it boils at the low temperature necessary for its assuming the crystalline formation which good sugar must have. On attaining this condition, it is removed to the centrifugals—circular, box-shaped machines, with perforated sides—which revolve with great rapidity within stationary cases. By this final process, the liquid molasses are driven out through the perforations, and the beautiful sugar crystals inside are left dry and ready for packing in the familiar barrels and hogsheads of commerce.

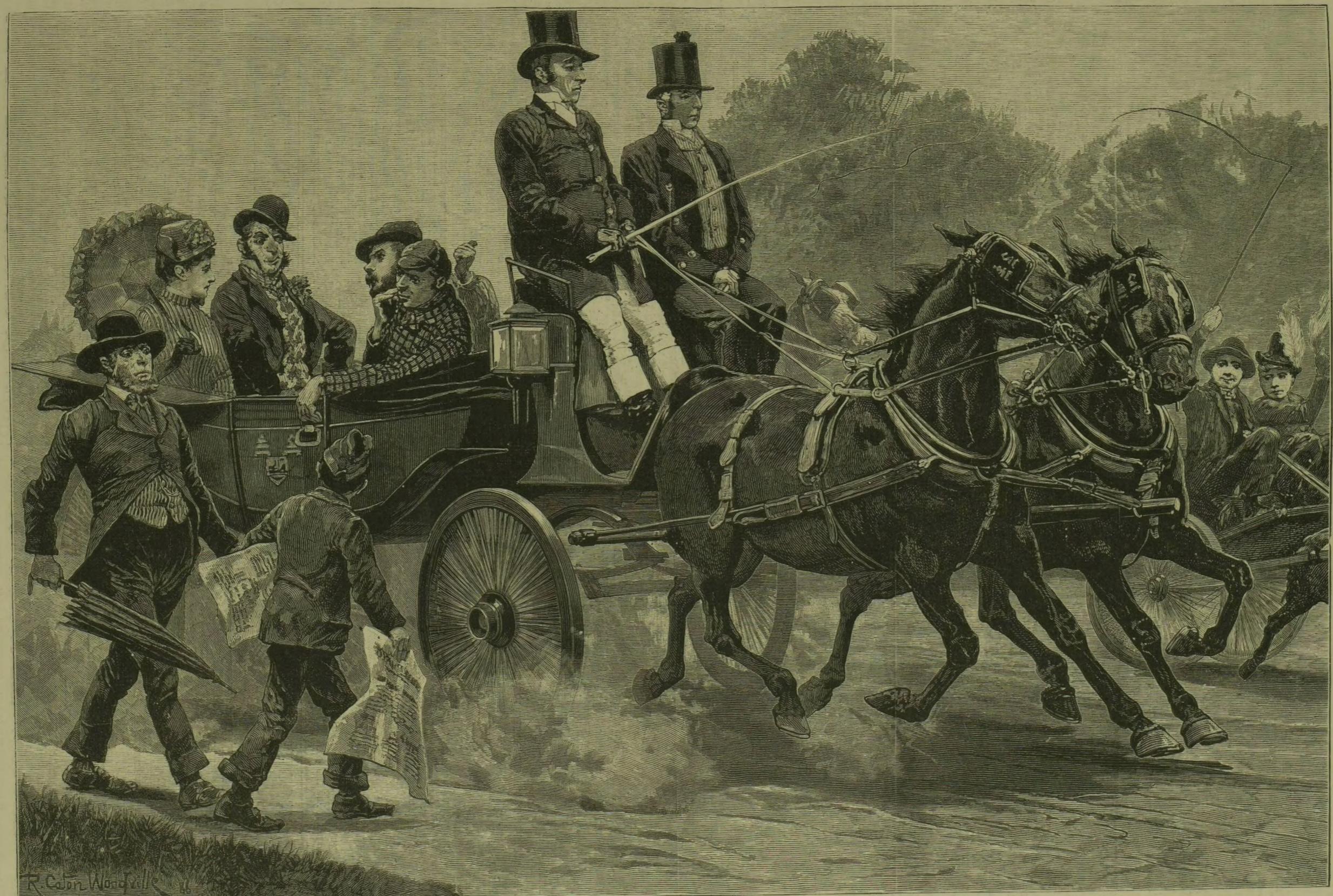
And this sugar production is the means of existence of the colony. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is so large a population as that of British Guiana so entirely dependent on a single industry.



THE GENERAL ELECTION: A DOUBTFUL VOTER.

DRAWN BY LOCKHART BOGLE.

"I've got to do this here job, and I've got to vote: which shall it be?"



THE GENERAL ELECTION: ON THE WAY TO THE POLL.
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MELTON PRIOR'S PICTURES IN THE PALL-MALL GALLERY.
Although the expedition to Egypt can scarcely be reckoned among the great wars of the century, yet the campaigns in the Soudan and on the Upper Nile abounded with so many dramatic incidents that it cannot fail to afford subject for both painter and poet in times to come. Until, however, the doings of our soldiers and our adversaries are surrounded by a legendary halo, the sketches made on the spot by Mr. Melton Prior will enable us to follow, step by step, the progress of our arms through the trackless deserts. During the long period which elapsed between the rout of Baker Pasha in the winter of 1884 to the forced retreat from Metemneh, nearly eighteen months later, Mr. Melton Prior was the constant companion of our soldiers in their adversity and their triumphs; in their weary advance across the Desert, as in the comparatively quiet halt on the banks of the Nile. Of every scene of which he was a witness he took rapid but careful notes with pencil or brush; and, as Special Artist commissioned by this Journal, he kept his fellow-countrymen fully alive to what was passing on the Dark Continent. All the sketches he then made Mr. Melton Prior has now brought together; and at the Pall-mall Gallery (58, Pall-mall) we venture to say the most accurate and, at the same time, the most interesting history of the two campaigns is to be found. Mr. Melton Prior reached Souakin at a critical moment: Baker Pasha's advance to assert the Kedive's authority in the Southern and Eastern Soudan was summarily checked by the courage of the Arabs and the skilfulness of their commanders. The series of pictures showing the rout of the Egyptian troops (28), culminating in a weird scene (56), prepares us in a measure for the summary method of restoring order to which the British officers had to resort (32) in order to enforce something like order and obedience. It was not a creditable episode in the campaign, but Mr. Melton Prior is too faithful a historian to avoid noticing it. In some of the larger works, like the "Relief of Tokar" (52), the "Battle of Tamai" (61), and the "Battle of Abou Krou" (57), in the midst of that terrible march across the Desert, one wonders almost as much at the artist's sangfroid as at his rapid pencil. He seems to have chosen the very midst of the mêlée in such a work as the "Charge of the 10th Hussars at El Teb" (51), and to have caught the spirit which enabled those gallant riders to decide the fortunes of the day. In the march from Korti to Metemneh he seems to have been everywhere (pencil in hand) where bullets were falling or spearmen threatening. When Sir Herbert Stewart was lying prostrate from his terrible wound, and for a moment it seemed as if the Arabs would overwhelm the zereba, Mr. Prior had time to sketch the scene, and to show us Lord Charles Beresford, regardless of the enemies' guns, calmly surveying the position, and encouraging the holders of the zereba to stand their ground.

In dealing with peaceful scenes, Mr. Prior shows that his sympathies are not altogether on the side of "blood and iron." The "General View of Assouan" (9), where the broad river sweeps under the palm-groves which surround the town, is as attractive as a seaside spot on the Mediterranean on a summer's day—and in such sketches as the "Arrival of the Post-Boat" (8), and "Hauling the Whale-Boats through the Iron Gates" (17), we have a sense of humour mingled with hard work. Most of the sketches are, of course, in pencil, but some are in ink, and a few of the more finished washed in India ink; of these, "A Reconnaissance on the Road to Tokar" (48) is one of the most noteworthy, revealing as it does high artistic power, and an acute sense of the value of dark half-illuminated clouds upon stagnant water. The idea seems to be that a body of horsemen has been sent forward to discover a way over the flooded plains, and that they are slowly advancing in very open order towards some higher ground, over which the sun is just breaking, but behind which the Arabs may be already gathering in force. In conclusion, we must express our satisfaction that the public will have an opportunity of realising not only the way in which battles are fought, marches made, and brief respites from fatigue enjoyed, but also that a special correspondent has to undergo all the hardships of those whose daily lives they must depict with pen or pencil.

OLD WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT THE INSTITUTE.

If the controversy as to the permanence of water-colour drawings has led to no definite agreement between the contending authorities, it has at all events been the occasion of an exhibition, at the Royal Institute, Piccadilly, of a collection of paintings by deceased masters of the British school, for which the public should be most grateful. Among the pictures here brought together, Varley, David Cox, De Wint, and William Hunt are the most numerously represented; and it is only fair to admit that, so far as the amateur can judge, the colours, even the sensitive indigo, have, in numerous instances, undergone little or no traceable deterioration. David Cox's "Windy Day" (151) is a very remarkable instance of the permanence of water colours. It was painted in 1853, and, after hanging for half a dozen years in a London drawing-room, was transferred to Mr. Whymper's house at Haslemere, where it has hung for twenty-seven years in an extreme light. But even if in such cases as this, and more con-

stantly still in the examples of William Hunt's fruit and flowers, we find the colours apparently as fresh and brilliant as when first laid on, we get no further towards a solution of the controversy than that certain water-colour artists employed certain colours, obtainable perhaps under peculiar conditions, which show no symptoms of fading after years of exposure to the light. With regard to many others, it is impossible to express a very definite opinion. For instance, P. De Wint's work, often very strong, may have and probably has, in numerous cases, lost many of those more delicate touches of light which he threw into his powerfully-painted transcripts from Nature. In the "View of Aysgarth" (155), a very remarkable sketch, it is impossible to guess now to what extent the artist may have been indebted to a free use of cobalt, of which the traces alone remain. Turner's "Chapter-House of Salisbury Cathedral" (91) looks exquisite, the toning delicate and refined; but how much of this subtle charm may be due to the mellowing of time no critic, however distinguished, can pronounce authoritatively. The interior of a Dutch church (120), painted by E. De Witte, a Dutch artist who lived two hundred years ago, is perhaps as fresh as ever, and it is certainly most remarkable as evidence of the beauty which can be given to a merely architectural drawing by a skilful arrangement of light and shadow. But no one who has seen the water-colour sketches of Van Ostade and his contemporaries, and has been able to contrast the colours exposed to the light with those protected by the margin of the mount or frame, can fail to see the effect of time. The net result of this exhibition, after all is said, is that it makes clear Sir James Linton's contention that it is quite possible to find many water-colours not appreciably worse, and in some instances, perhaps, better, after a long lapse of years; but we fail to see that it in any way destroys Mr. J. C. Robinson's theory of the influence of light and exposure upon many others. It is a case in which, however, every layman may draw his own conclusion, and our advice to all, whether interested in the controversy or not, is to take advantage of this opportunity of seeing a most admirable collection of pictures.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The present Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum (Mr. Sidney Colvin) is not disposed to follow the traditions of his predecessors in that office by jealously withholding from the public all knowledge of the treasures committed to his charge. Happily, the White bequest has enabled the trustees to extend the Museum buildings, and a portion of the space thus obtained will be assigned for the exhibition of specimens selected from the national collection. Meanwhile, a small number of prints and drawings illustrative of the history of engraving have, by the special permission of the trustees, been arranged in the still unfinished rooms, and visitors from the Colonies and elsewhere may, during the present month, obtain admission to this most interesting exhibition, the value of which is greatly enhanced by the valuable assistance and explanations which the Keeper or his assistant, Mr. Louis Fagan (to whom the arrangement of the drawings is due), will be found ready to afford.

Starting with one or two specimens of the minute "niello" work of the early Italian goldsmiths and the *tarocchi*, the origin of our playing-cards, we pass a bridge to the finished work of Mantegna, Mocetto, and Jacopo de Barbari, who may be regarded as the founders of the art of engraving. With Marcantonio (Raimondi) the distinctive school of Italian engraving may be said to have closed; and thenceforward the engravers of Italy and Germany mutually influence each other so greatly that their styles become, to ordinary observers, interchangeable. Indeed, Marcantonio himself with difficulty escapes from the charge of infringement of copyright and direct imitation of Dürer's work and mark. Although the rise of the German school dates from a period as remote as the Italian, it was Schongauer, Wohlgemuth, and Albrecht Dürer who gave it a distinct pre-eminence in Europe. The rapid rise of German engraving may be traced in this collection; and in succession we may follow, concisely but clearly, the development of the art in Holland, France, and England. Whilst thus presenting a succinct history of engraving, Mr. Colvin has had the happy inspiration of selecting as specimens those etchings or engravings of which the British Museum possesses in many cases also the original drawings; and thus the student is enabled to follow the artist's method, or to guess at the causes which induced him to modify his original design. A curious instance of the pliability of an etcher's politics may be seen in the equestrian figure by Vandyck, which apparently served, with slight modification, for Charles I. and Cromwell, and possibly for some other distinguished Prince of the time. A fine specimen of mezzo-tint by Prince Rupert, although it does not establish his fictitious claim to the invention of the art, proves him to have been an appreciative patron, and possibly also a skilful craftsman.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

M. Auguste Castan, the Librarian of the city of Besançon, has thrown some light upon a picture in our National Gallery, which has hitherto been described in the official catalogue somewhat vaguely as follows:—"Italian, XVIth Century.—No. 1048, Portrait of a Cardinal, Seated." By means of a careful induction, M. Castan has come to the conclusion that the

painter of the picture was Scipione Pulzone, surnamed Il Gaetano, who was sometimes known as the Roman Vandyck, on account of his talent as a portraitist. The subject of the picture in our collection, according to the same authority, is, in all probability, the Cardinal Sirleto, the tutor and adviser of San Carlo Borromeo. On this point it might be easy to test the accuracy of M. Castan's suggestion, inasmuch as a bust of Sirleto, said to have been modelled from life, surmounts the Cardinal's tomb in the church of San Lorenzo in Panisperna at Rome. A photograph might easily be obtained thence, and, if found to correspond, the new edition of the official catalogue, when it at length appears, may have one anonymous picture the less to note. It was purchased in 1879 of Mr. Campbell Spence, of Florence, for £225.

THE GWALIOR GATEWAY AT THE INDIAN EXHIBITION.

The Courtyard of the Indian Palace at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition is entered through this superb gateway, which was presented by the late Maharajah Scindia to the British Government, and which had already formed one of the most prominent features of the Calcutta Exhibition. The merit of designing and constructing this admirable structure of decorative stonework, presenting the true characteristics of native and local art, is entirely due to Major James B. Keith, of the Archaeological Survey of India (late Royal Scots, 39th Regiment). He was Curator of Antiquities at the Gwalior Fort; and this work of his was mentioned with high commendation by Sir Lepel Griffin, Agent-General for the Central Provinces of India, and by General D. Massy, who commanded the Gwalior District in 1883. The gateway was constructed at Gwalior in 1883, and was subsequently exhibited at Calcutta in the same winter. Its design aimed to show the value of an indigenous form of architecture, and to prove that it is a mistake for any conqueror to supersede a traditional style, well adapted to the country, by a foreign style of his own. The Gwalior Gateway is not the copy of any conventionalised entrance, as absurdly supposed by some who are ignorant of Gwalior architecture. It is an eclectic piece of work, in which its designer has sought to embody much that was beautiful in Gwalior ornament, extending over a long series of decades. That this is not an anachronism will be clear to anyone who remembers that Hindoo architecture is a living and indigenous art, and is so conservative that it varies little at different periods. If less elaborate forms are used now than formerly, it is because we are living in a utilitarian age. The arch is a solid block, weighing eight tons, and shows the enormous size of the lintels in Hindoo architecture. An unfavourable site has been allotted to this gateway, amidst the incongruous surroundings of "Old London"; and the managers of the Indian Exhibition have committed an incongruity in making a Hindoo gateway the entrance to a Mohammedan Palace. We regret that better care was not taken to identify the name of the producer, for the inscription, which the Hindoos had carved on an architrave over the drip, has somehow been erased. This is scarcely complimentary to Major Keith and his ingenious workmen at Gwalior.

The reader who takes up *Dulce Domum* (Kegan Paul) will speedily discover that there is a dash of satire in the title. The volume is a collection of essays, reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, on the perplexities, irritations, and vexations felt by hosts and guests; the trials of housekeeping, and the sorrows of hospitality. The papers are very lively and entertaining, and the writer's comments are satirical without being cynical. Thus, he writes that footmen of decent size are some of the most difficult servants to get. "There is something exceedingly demoralising to a servant in the knowledge that he is six feet high. He cannot help being aware that, under such circumstances, his morals are of little importance." The only real method, we are told, of securing quiet enjoyment is to be ill; and, in good society, it is only when people are supposed to be out of health that they are allowed to lead a rational life. Let us hope it is not true that, when it is necessary to reduce expenditure, "ninety-nine people out of a hundred cut down their charities before they make any other sacrifice"; but it may be feared it is true that the cordiality with which a host bids his guests farewell is "not always because he has become more familiarly attached to them since their arrival." There was a time, we read, when literature, art, and music were considered worthy of the attention of the upper classes; but now such trifles have been relegated to people who are paid for giving attention to them. "In literature the summit of ambition is to have the newest novels and books of travel on one's table, and then to return them to the library unread, to be replaced by others." The difficulty of securing dancing men is enlarged on in one chapter, and the qualities of dull men in another. The writer observes that it is a great mistake invariably to shun the latter. "If amusing people are the most popular, dull ones are often the best beloved. Mephistopheles was an entertaining companion; and amusing men are too fond of asking their friends to back their bills." It would be easy to multiply pertinent passages; but the reader will probably be better pleased to find them for himself.

AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD, ABROAD MY VADE MECUM.
THE STOMACH AND ITS TRIALS.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. There stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol at home, my household god, abroad my vade mecum. Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a troublesome liver; no sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than, exit pain, 'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that when taking it I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass; I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

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No waste of this Elixir make,
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect Pick-me-up."

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champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use ENO'S FRUIT SALT; therefore no family should be without it.

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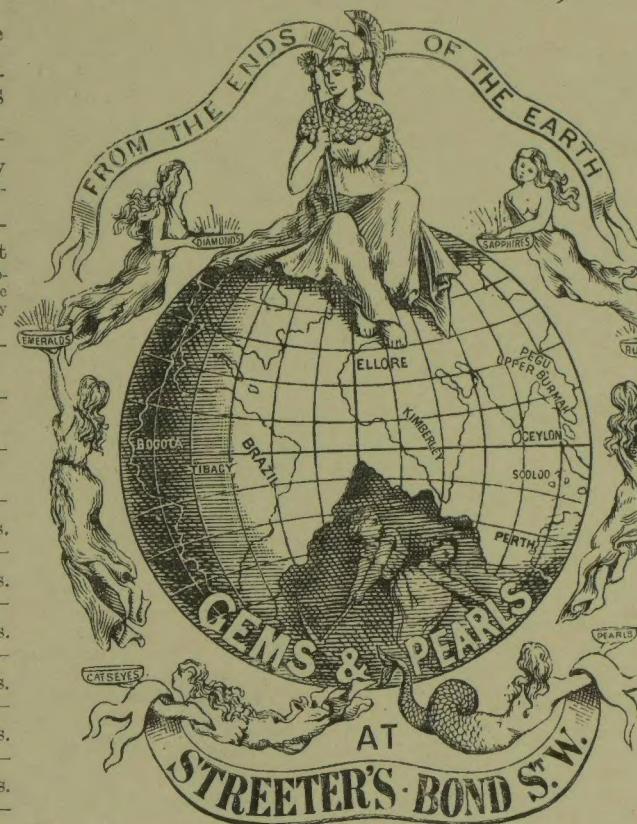
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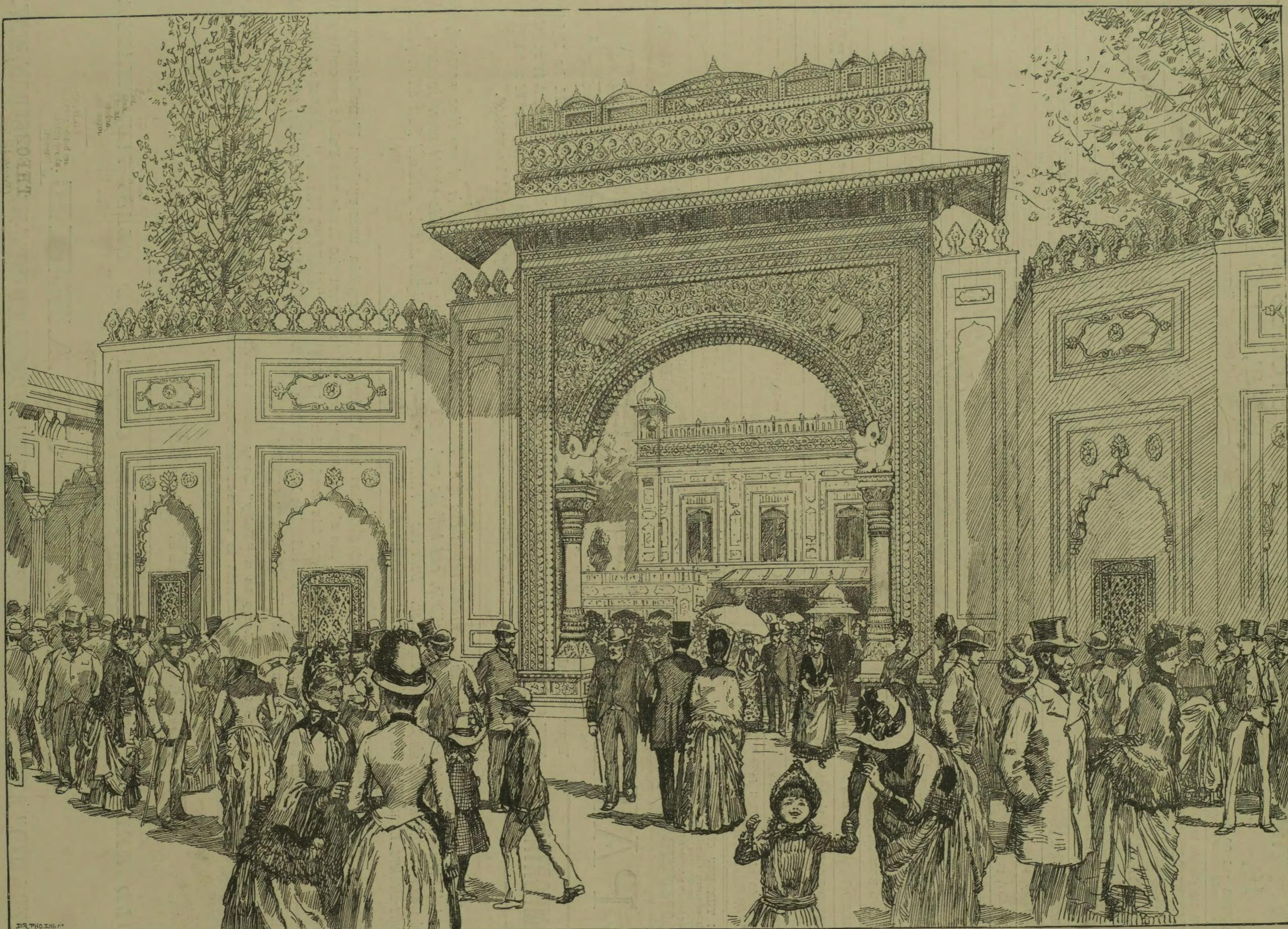
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